



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>















DH506

A72A3

v2

THE

## Ribal Princes,

&c. &c. &c.

THERE is something so *interesting* in the conduct of Colonel Wardle, that I cannot but continue to lead the reader along the *path* by which he so *honourably* reached the Temple, where Fame was anxiously waiting to deck his *virtuous* head with the *leaf* of the flattering laurel. If I could descant with that warmth of feeling, and

energy of expression, which distinguished the zeal of the Colonel and his colleagues in the cause of their Royal Patron, I fear it might be considered a *caricature* of the subject, instead of that faithful portrait which I professed to give in the commencement of this work.

Having pledged myself to a veritable statement of facts, and fearing my feeble pen would not be adequate to a masterly colouring of that *extravagant regard* which these persons evinced for their Royal friend, the reader must be satisfied with my imperfect

illustration of their individual and collective movements in the great cause in which they were engaged.

If the following documents are not instances of the *zeal* of which I speak, then Colonel Ward is an angel—perhaps the reader may think him so—but of *darkness*! By the following documents it will be seen, that he was in the habit of *dictating* to me my line of proceeding, and of giving me *heads* for a subject, which shews the influence he had over my evidence:

"MR. ADAM,

"The friend professed, of both brothers, has astonished his *patrons* by his liberality, at the *expence of the public*, towards his poor friends in Scotland, for whom he created as many new places and establishments as would fill a red book of the size it used to be half a century ago."

*Five o'Clock.*

This expressly tells me in what manner I must proceed.

"*House of Commons, 5 o'Clock,*  
"*Tuesday Evening.*

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"Mr. Perceval says that he has a question or two to put to you, but that he will not keep you many minutes; he wishes you to come down about nine o'clock

*to-night*. Send him a note, when you come, to say, *you are at the House in compliance with his desire*. I send you Dr. O'Meara's letter, enclosed, so that you may present it yourself to the House, *stating, that you forgot it last night*. I hope you have sent *Patney, &c. &c.*

"Yours, very much,

"WARDLE."

To the best of my recollection, this letter, which puts a falsehood into my mouth, with respect to my forgetting the letter *last night*, was sent to me about the 13th or 14th of February, as may be seen by reference to the Minutes of the House of Commons, as published by Mr. Chapple, Pall-mall.

One morning I requested Colonel Wardle to accompany me to Mrs Wright's, with respect to my furniture, but he excused himself under the plea of urgent parliamentary business; he, however, told me, to get Major Dodd to go, as he had nothing to do on the following day. Accordingly, the Major acquiesced, but wishing to couple my business with inquiries necessary to the proceedings before the House, we called on Dr. Thynne, that *I might ask him* some questions, which *he dictated*, and then went on to Rathbone Place, where we were obliged to stay about half an hour, in consequence of

the weight of the Major's person having broken one of the springs of my carriage, which, when repaired, we went on to my Solicitor, Mr. Comrie, of Southampton Buildings, Holborn, who not being in town, the Major spoke to his nephew, and endeavoured to obtain my papers of him, as he particularly wanted a bill, sent to Birkett, the silversmith, in order to see the date respecting the £500, paid by Colonel French to me,—a circumstance, of which I had previously informed the Major, who insisted upon the delivery of my papers, which, if not in his possession, he would not have been able to produce.

mediately attended to, he assured Mr. Comrie's nephew, that he would send a summons from the House of Commons to enforce them. I have detailed this fact, as another instance of the *real* of this party!

What will the reader be pleased to denominate that *feeling* which induced Colonel Wardle to draw me from my secluded habitation, under flattering prospects—suborn me into his own *arranged measures* of proceeding in the House of Commons—instruct me to *evade such questions* as might be dan-

gerous to his cause, while he had *the*  
*face* to make the most gross declarations  
 —and, afterwards, had the *impudence*  
 to stand up and reason on his own vil-  
 lainy!—The reader is asked to desig-

nate *such a feeling* with an appropriate  
 epithet. I must confess, that I am *at*  
*a loss*, whether to let it stand under  
 the term—*zeal for his patron*—or that  
*horrid depravity of mind*, for which  
 there is not in the English language, a  
*phrase sufficiently forcible*.

There would be no end of citing  
 proofs of this declaration, from the  
 minutes of evidence before the House

of Commons, if I felt so disposed, but as such information is within the possible acquisition of every one, and as it is, in fact, pretty generally known, I do not feel inclined to entertain my reader with *unnecessary long* extracts from that voluminous work. If the reader will keep in mind, that the whole *proceeding* in the House was under his *immediate knowledge and direction*, and that he took every *private and public* means to *blow the coal*, in order to *consume* the object of his attack ;— that he, Major Dodd, or Mr. Glennie, were always going to and from me, to the House of Commons, though he, as

A gentleman had the modesty to deny or acknowledge it, as best suited the expediency of the moment;—that he argued upon the credibility of circumstances formed by himself, and after a long interval, and having slept repeatedly on his proceedings, he again stood up in the House on the 8th of March, to deliver a cool, mild, and philanthropic speech, on the consideration of Report of the Committee.

If the reader will, I say, keep in mind all these circumstances, and then compare the following part of his ora-

tion, I do flatter myself that there can be but one *opinion* of his HONOUR and VERACITY; and that opinion is, that Colonel Wardle is a *black sheep*! —The Colonel stated to the House as follows—

“ My leading object from the opening of this important business to the present moment, has been to obtain a fair and cool investigation of the charges I thought it my duty to bring forward against His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief. I have endeavoured to *avoid every thing likely to cause irritation* in the progress of the inquiry, and in that course *I shall most rigidly persevere*, however *I may feel hurt* that motives *highly injurious to my character*, and not

more *injurious than false*, have been indirectly attributed to me,\* as the ground of my proceedings; and though I may also have thought that in the early stage of the enquiry, I was *harshly treated*, still, Sir, on these points I shall make no comment, but at once proceed to a more pleasant task—that of offering my thanks where I feel them due.”

Colonel Wardle having heard me mention Mr. Corri, the music-master, as being acquainted with a money transaction, between me and Captain Sandon, he begged that I would ask him to my house; and on being apprized of his visit; he, or the Major,

---

\* His services to the Duke of Kent—A guilty conscience, is said to want no accuser!

would *drop in*, as if by accident, in order to make him repeat *his conversation with Capt. Sandon*. Mr. Corri came to Westbourne Place on the 6th of January, when I immediately sent to apprise Colonel Wardle of it, who was dining on that day with Major Dodd, in Sloane-street. The Colonel wrote\* back, requesting me to keep *the jockey* till he and Dodd came. In about half an hour they did me the honour of a visit, and remained till Mr. Corri went away. As the Colonel was the principal ob-

---

\* Not thinking these kind of notes of any moment at that time, the above was not preserved.

ject of concealment, I passed him off as Mr. W. Mellish, the Member for Middlesex.

On reference to the Minutes, it may be seen, that I only made use of him under the direction of Colonel Wardle, and that I brought on the conversation he repeated at the bar of the House, and which is as follows:

*Mr. Domenico Corri, examined.\**

"You have stated, that you have seen Mrs. Clarke twice since the 1st of January, on the 6th and 13th; was there any con-

---

\* See Page 61 of the Minutes.

versation at either of those meetings, when you supped each time, respecting the transaction to which this related ?

“ Yes, I was a little surprised, because soon after dinner she sent for the twelfth cake, they sent for a compliment to some gentlemen, and two gentlemen came in the evening ; and as soon as they came, the conversation of this affair of Mr. Sandon was introduced, and I *repeated every word then*, just as I have here ; that Capt. Sandon told me she had received the £500, and Mr. Cockayne had received the £200, and they, laughing at me, said, what a fool I had been : and this was the topic of the conversation of the whole night.”

It may occur to the recollection of

the reader, that Mr. Corri was asked in the House, whether he then saw the gentleman he called Mr. Mellish, and he replied, that he did not, but that when Mr. Mellish stood up for his observation, he informed the House, that he was not the gentleman whom he had seen at Westborne Place. After the examination of Corri upon this point, Col. Wardle told me that he *he was much* alarmed at that time, lest the witness should have discovered him when looking round the House; and to avoid which, he sat down behind several Members who were standing.

When Major Dodd was first introduced to me by Colonel Wardle, I was *doubtful* of his *professions* of sincerity, as it may be naturally enough supposed, I should be, of the *mere word* of a stranger, and therefore informed him, that though he was Secretary to the Duke of Kent, I should like to know something more of his character from other quarters, if he would mention the names of any persons to whom he was *well known*; and that if I were acquainted with any of them, or their connections, I would, in a circuitous way, satisfy my mind with respect to *his being* a

man of honour. The Major then repeated the names of a number of his friends, among whom was Mr. Donovan, of Charles street, St. James's square, and on my saying that I was acquainted with him, he instantly proposed to accompany me to his door which he did, while I had an interview with him. I have introduced this circumstance to shew how Major Dodd afterwards made use of my knowledge of Mr. Donovan, for the accomplishment of *his own views*, and after he and Wardle had got what they wanted with respect to him, the Colonel immediately introduced his

name to the notice of the Parliament. Major Dodd thought, during the examination of Donovan, that a letter might be written by me, to him, that would have great weight with the House, and the receipt of which Donovan could not deny if he were so disposed, when pushed home upon the subject by Colonel Wardle, who was acquainted with the trick; he therefore dictated the following letter, which I sent to Donovan, who produced it to the House:

DEAR SIR,

"I am much mortified in seeing in this day's paper, the free use of

your name, and mine, in the debate of last night; I, however, took an opportunity of seeing Mr. Wardle on the subject, and find he is by no means so ill disposed as his speech seemed to evince, but he tells me, that as *I have committed myself and my papers*, he is determined to make every possible use of them that to him seems proper. I must be candid and tell you, that in order to facilitate some negociation, I had given him a few of your letters. In one you speak of the Queen in answer to the two Deaneries; as to myself, I must of course speak the truth, as I shall be put upon oath. Let me persuade you, if called on, to keep truth, as I am convinced you will, but I mean the whole truth as to what has passed formerly between yourself and me. I have a thousand thanks for your being so quiet

upon the £136, you shall have it, the moment my mother comes from Bath. *I fear, if you are backward, Wardle will expose the whole of the letters he has to the House.*

"Your's truly,

"M. A. CLARKE.

"*Saturday Evening, July 28th, 1809.*

"In order to relieve your mind, I send my servant, though late."

The next letter the reader is about to peruse, I did not send to Mr. Donovan under any other direction than that of *my own will*; but as some little circumstances arose from its existence that makes another link to that

long chain of facts, which shew that Colonel Wardle is a man in whom there is no truth nor honour, I have thought right to give it a place here :

*“ Wednesday Morning,  
Feb. 1, 1809.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I yesterday saw Mr. Wardle; he had a letter yesterday from your friend, Glas, begging him not to take any business in hand where his name is mentioned, and he asks for you also. He was tutor to Wardle—now Wardle assures me, by every thing honourable, that if you speak candidly and fairly to the fact of Tonyn’s he will ask nothing more; and if he has been at all intemperate with your name, he will do it every justice. Take my advice,

and do it—it cannot injure you. I understand, your friend French, some months ago, put a friend of his in possession of Tonym's business; and yesterday, *a man* of the name of *Finnerty*, gave him a case, which he says, he had from you, of a Captain Trotter, and of course, you will not mention my telling you this. I wish from my soul, Mr. Wardle had taken it up less passionately, he might have done more good. Why do not you send me a line? I dare say Clavering is hugging himself as he did not send the remainder.

“Your's, &c.

“M. A. C.”

The reader will perceive that Mr. Finnerty is mentioned in this letter. Col. Wardle denied, in the House

of Commons, his having any intimacy with him, and I believe *only acknowledges to have spoken* to him once in the lobby!

After what the reader has already heard, it will *not appear extraordinary* to find that the Colonel could *coolly face* six hundred representatives of the nation, in the British Senate, and insult them by a *gross falsehood*! The fact is, that Mr. Finnerty and the Colonel have been inseparable ever since the making up of Major Hogan's pamphlet, and Mrs. Wardle's visit in


the barouche to the Major, at Frank's hotel, Lower Brook-street, as I before observed, which Colonel Wardle had assured me, his wife had most *excellently* managed under his directions!!! but acknowledging at the same time, that he had been *guilty* of a great *oversight* in having sent the *servants* in *his own livery*!—I believe the livery described by Mr. Finnerty, as Editor of Major Hogan's pamphlet, *corresponded* exactly with the clothes worn by the *Colonel's SERVANTS*—which was *white turned up with scarlet*!

But to return more immediately to the above letter, which when delivered to the House by Mr. Donovan, threw the Colonel into great *trepidation and alarm*, as he had before *denied knowing any thing of Mr. Finerty*; and when he came to me the next morning, at nine o'clock, he *expressed his anger* that I was so *indiscreet* as to have mentioned Mr. Finerty in a letter to Donovan, or any other person. He told me I had *nearly been the ruin of him*, after the *broad declaration* he had made to the House, of not being *acquainted* with such a person.

I observed, if he were ashamed of Mr. Finnerty, why did he associate with him;—to which he replied, that he was very useful in that kind of business; then laughed—and turned the conversation to something else.

It may appear a little strange that I have not assigned some motive for having written a letter, in which I committed one of my patrons, but when I develop the cause, I am inclined to think I shall not incur the censure of my reader. The Colonel had exposed Mr. Donovan, *without my knowledge or approbation*, and de-


cared me with respect to the young Officer's letters; I therefore thought that I *would just* give him and his colleagues a *gentle hint*, that they were all at my *mercy*; and if they again *deceived me* as to the use of my information, I would *ruin* them—which I am sorry now I did not accomplish!


As Colonel Wardle is greatly indebted to his wife for her cool and able assistance, during the investigation, it would not be fair of me to pass her merits over in  remark, and as part of her services has just come under my notice, I may not

have a better opportunity to commemorate the abilities of a **PATRIOTIC WIFE!**

History having regarded in language of descriptive energy, the exertions and **INFLUENCE** of those women who have *distinguished themselves* in great *political convulsions*, I trust I may feel something like a strong plea in favour of my feeble attempt to describe Mrs. Wardle's political character, in chastity of pencil, and sober colouring.

It is said, that it is necessary for

one of a family to have *brains*, otherwise they will not become distinguished for any thing *but folly!* This is precisely the case with Colonel Wardle, who, without his *wife's abilities*, would never have made a *politician!* Previous to the investigation, she organized all the plans upon which her husband was to act, and in order to pick up *information*, kept an *open house*, where all descriptions of persons assembled that could be useful to her husband. One of her schemes was, to send to all the ns, particularly the King's *Benon* and the Fleet, where she supposed many per-

sons might be found, who would, for *fine promises*, and a *LITTLE money*, communicate secrets relating to such high persons, whom incarcerated poverty might at one time have known!—Among such a variety of individuals, whom misfortunes and indiscretion daily introduce to a gaol, many may be found, who, one day or other, have been in the confidence of men of *rank*; and as poverty and neglect strangely *revolutionize* the human mind, and induce a man, once possessed of  pride and honour, to lend himself, under expectations of reward, to acts, at which he would in the days

of his prosperity, have *shuddered*!—It is therefore, not difficult to account for the *quantity* of biographical anecdote which is occasionally to be got, through the means that was resorted to by Mrs. Wardle, to serve the cause of her husband.

In this way she traced *people* and *circumstances*, which when brought together and arranged, made a *something* for Colonel Wardle's labours, and though she most likely got every thing in an *exaggerated* garment, yet still it was a *something*, which when *stript of its prison dress*, and assuming a

more gaudy apparel, the Colonel had acquired an opportunity of making the most of. In this way Mrs. Wardle's dwelling became a repository for a mixture of all kinds of truth and falsehood, which misery, malice, and party furor could rake together for M'Cullum, the foreman of these Political Scavengers, who, depositing his load at the feet of his mistress, she began to sort and separate the rubbish for its different intended purposes.

It is incredible to state the number of idle people who used to knock at my door, during the investigation,

with what they called curious anecdotes of *great men*? and as an excuse for doing so, said, they had done business for Mrs. Wardle. Of these unpleasant visits I complained to the Colonel, who was angry at my conduct, but desired that they might in future be sent to his house, which mandate my servants accordingly obeyed.

So enthusiastic was the lady in the cause, that she was employed night and day for her dear husband, and to her credit be it spoken, that impediments only appeared to increase her energies, and whet her appetite to

forward his prosperity. I have been informed, that his house, at times, that appeared like the dwelling of a member, during an election, who is obliged to feed a succession of hungry constituents, that after many professions of *independence and liberty*, generally give their votes where they find the **BEST TABLE!**

Another scheme by which Colonel Wardle, under the direction of his wife, endeavoured to acquire information, was, that of finding out, and getting acquainted with, some of the minor clerks in the different public

offices, and those of a higher class, if  
 circumstances afforded an opportunity :  
 from these individuals the Colonel  
 possessed himself of much *garbled* and  
*uncertain* matter, out of which, he at  
 last set up a principle of saving the na-  
 tion *eleven millions* a year !

In case it should be said that I am  
 speaking too generally in making *such*  
*a charge*, I will give one or two indi-  
 vidual instances of his having meanly  
 attempted to *suborn* a gentleman in  
 the Treasury, to afford him the *secrets*  
 of his *office*, for his own political use.

Colonel Wardle became acquainted with a physician, at my house, by the name of Metcalfe, of whom I shall shortly have an occasion to speak. This worthy man has a respectable relative, by the name of *Wentworth Rigg*, who holds a situation in the Treasury, of about £300 a year; and, as it was the *business* of the Colonel to *pry* into the affairs of every person with whom he came in contact, I shall not surprise the reader by informing him, that he soon found out every particular, relative to the nephew of the worthy doctor; through whom, the Colonel tried to *become*

acquainted with Mr. Rigg. When the Colonel's acquaintance grew into a kind of *confidential intimacy*, by promises of friendship and esteem for Dr. Metcalfe, he *had* the villainy to ask him, to solicit Mr. Rigg, to copy from the books of his office, THE WHOLE OF THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HALF-PAY FUND, *in return for which act of civility*, he assured the Doctor, that Mr. R. should have A SITUATION OF DOUBLE THE VALUE, AS SOON AS HIS FRIEND, THE DUKE OF KENT, CAME INTO POWER!!!

I am sure I need not inform the

reader, what was the *answer and feeling* of Dr. Metcalfe, as a RESPECTABLE and HONEST man; but the Colonel knows perfectly well, that the worthy physician *despised him* for offering such an insult to his honour; and there, as may be supposed, the *Patriot's friendship ended* towards that gentleman. As the Colonel and his wife were on the constant *look-out* for any *body*—or, any *thing*, that would afford him an opportunity of making a noise *in the House*, that he might increase his popularity, he discovered, through Mr. Glennie, that Colonel Shrapnel was *angry with Go-*

*verament*, for not having *used his shells*  
 in preference to Congreve's rockets;  
 and like a disappointed author, ex-  
 pressed his contempt and hatred of  
 all those who did not happen to think  
*favourably* of his works. Mr. Glen-  
 nie was then employed to bring Co-  
 lonel Shrapnel and Wardle together,  
 which he accordingly did, that the  
*neglected genius* might unbosom all his  
*secrets and wrongs*, to the *great public*  
*accuser* of the year 1809—who, as a  
 monopolizing tradesman in politics,  
 cleared the *market* of every *article* in  
 his *line*, that he might retail it out  
 himself to the best advantage!—a

principal that *does not accord* with the duties of a *Patriot* in a commercial nation !

Whether there has lately been any demand for the kind of articles deposited by Colonel Shrapnel, in the store-house of this political tradesman, I will not presume to determine, but be assured, reader, that *when the market's up*, he will, like other monopolizers, expose his old stock of *tainted trash*, to gall upon the *sense* of his former friends and customers, at St. Stephens !

There is scarcely a public office,

that was within the *influence* of Colonel *Arde's* bribery, but what afforded him some kind of information in proportion to the *infidelity* of its *planks*; who, like every other description of people, are not always *above temptation*; and, like *Judas*, had the same *weighty* reason for betraying their master!—Major *Dodd* performed his part of this *kind of service*, and through the *dirtiest efforts*, acquired documents, &c. &c. out of *Mr. Greenwood's* office, while he was the habit of calling there two or three times a week, under pretence of *professing his*, and the *Duke of Kent's*

esteem for that gentleman! As another instance of the zeal of this party, I cannot forego the mention of Mr. Glenna's anxiety to serve the Duke of Kent. While writing my former book, he begged me to allow him to introduce some improvements, as he termed them, into it; which, on enquiry, I found to be a wish to mix up the Duke of Kent's grievances,\* with my narrative. Ac-

---

\* As I am in possession of all the circumstances attending the Duke of Kent's conduct, while he was Governor of Gibraltar, it is not improbable but I shall publish a curious History of his courage, military and political actions, together with an entertaining Account of the Discovery of St. Lawrence!—If part of this note should appear to be enveloped in mystery, the Duke of Kent has it in his power to give it a candid refutation.

Accordingly he began his interpolation of matter, by the most fulsome eulogium on the Duke's *virtues*, which on reading, I instantly saw there would be an impropriety in making my book the vehicle of the Prince's spleen towards his brother, the Duke of YORK. I therefore, *erased* it, and told Mr. Glennie, that I had made up my mind, that my publication should *not contain any subjects but those within my own knowledge*: and thus Mr. Glennie was deprived of the opportunity and pleasure of bestowing praise on the great *military talents and virtues* of his Royal friend!

In one of Mr. Glennie's *fits of panegyrising* his favourite Prince, he observed, that the Duke's affection for his old French lady, whom, he lamented, he could not marry, was a proof of his *steady disposition* and domestic good qualities, added to which, he regularly went to church, and was never seen *inebriated*—a habit he always endeavoured to check in those, over whom he had any influence—though Major Dodd, as a particular favourite, was allowed occasionally, to take that enemy into his mouth which stole away his brains. Mr. Illingworth, as I have before observ-

ed, confirmed Mr. Glennie's declaration of the Duke's temperance—a quality that was sure to engage the attention of a Wine-merchant, as well as his *displeasure* !

I hope Mr. Glennie will not be offended with my asking him, through whose *interest* he got his *present situation*, as teacher of mathematics in the National Academy, at Woolwich?—I am inclined to believe, that *his private services* have in the end, been better rewarded than those of the Colonel ;—the one has *five hundred* a year, as the master of a school, and

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
 Your obedient servant,  
 J. M. Smith  
 To the Hon. Secy. of the Navy  
 Washington, D. C.  
 Enclosed are two copies of a  
 report of the Commission on  
 the Administration of the  
 Navy, which I have the honor  
 to acknowledge the receipt of  
 from the Hon. Secy. of the Navy  
 on the 10th inst. I have the  
 honor to acknowledge the receipt  
 of the same from the Hon. Secy.  
 of the Navy on the 10th inst.  
 and have the honor to acknowledge  
 the receipt of the same from  
 the Hon. Secy. of the Navy  
 on the 10th inst. I have the  
 honor to acknowledge the receipt  
 of the same from the Hon. Secy.  
 of the Navy on the 10th inst.

w to get in-  
from which  
amiable cha-  
rs. Carey and  
however, that  
t acquainted  
ent to work  
desirable ob-  
tries to find  
is of esta-  
rs. Carey's  
ficer who  
the Duke  
to under-  
ccordingly  
his pictorial

the higher had not yet been made Sir  
 Secretary at War! When he is  
 Secretary at War, I shall expect to see  
 the disappointed Knight, of Bridge-  
 street, Chancellor of the Exchequer!—  
 or, Ambassador at Paris; or, at least,  
 a BARONET!—I am sure Sir Richard will  
 understand me!

Amidst the variety of dirty busi-  
 ness which was allotted to M'Cullum,  
 Mrs. Wardle sent him to watch the  
 movements of the Duke of York, at  
 Mrs. Carey's; accordingly he formed  
 an acquaintance with a person who  
 was a sort of chandler, next door to

her residence, with a view to get introduced to her, and from which place he, or some other amiable character, used to watch Mrs. Carey and the Duke. Finding, however, that all attempts failed to get acquainted with her, Major Dodd went to work to accomplish that very desirable object; and after many enquiries to find out the most certain means of establishing an intimacy in Mrs. Carey's house, he got hold of an officer who had painted a miniature of the Duke of York, and bribed him to undertake the agreeable task. Accordingly this son of Mars, offered his pictorial

not

efforts for sale, to Miss Gerty, who  
thinking, as I was informed, that she  
asked too much for the portrait, ob-  
jected to buy it, and there terminated  
his embassy. Various other attempts  
were made to get a footing in this lady's  
house, but whether she was *suspicious*  
of the party, or they managed their  
business with a bad address, I cannot  
say; but it appeared that all efforts to  
make her instrumental in their designs,  
proved ineffectual.

When it was understood that I did  
not mean to publish my book, a report  
got into circulation, that Mr. M. C. C. C.

was in possession of a copy of it, which he intended to publish at a bookseller's, near the Royal Exchange; I accordingly wrote to Mr. Glennie upon the subject, and received the following answer:—

*"Woolwich Common,*

*"Tuesday, April 25, 1809.*

*"Dear Madam,*

*"Your friendly letter of yesterday, I have just had the pleasure of perusing, and you may rest assured, that I will lose no time in getting the injurious report you complain of, contradicted by Mr. McCullum himself, and your wish in this respect complied with. I can hardly bring myself to think, that he would go to any*

printer, and wantonly offer to do what he knew it was utterly out of his power to accomplish; I am therefore inclined to believe, that there is some mistake in the business. Be this, however, as it may, I will take care to have it rectified; should it be in my power, I will call on you for a few minutes on Thursday or Friday next.

Offer my best wishes to Miss Taylor, and believe me to be, with much truth, your most sincere well wisher,

And very humble Servant,  
 "THOMAS GLENNIE.

"Mrs. M. A. Clarke."

And afterwards the following from Mr. M'Cullum :—

"MADAM,  
 On the 28th ultimo, I received  
 a letter from Mr. Glennie, which I laid  
 aside, being determined to pay no attention  
 to its contents, because it imputed to me  
 circumstances, which are so totally *destitute*  
*of truth*, and whoever informed you of my  
 being with a Mr. Edwards, or any other  
 person, offering a book to publish, must  
 have been aware he was deceiving you.  
 I have not the honour of knowing any  
 person of that name, and I am equally  
 certain I did not offer the manuscript of  
 a book to any *bookseller* or *printer* in  
*London*, nor, asserted that you employed  
 me to copy your publications, if my ill  
 state of health, at the time, made me in-  
 different about either *yourself*, or your *pro-*  
*duction*, and therefore I refused Mr. Glennie

to contradict a report which I never circulated. However, on inquiry, I was informed you had, in a variety of instances, indulged your wit maliciously at my expence. That you kept me out of charity, and gave me £.10, to keep your name out of the newspapers, in a trial you had in the Court of Common Pleas, together with other circumstances equally false and disgusting to my feelings; on hearing such reports, I stated to Sir Richard Phillips, that I thought your conduct not only extraordinary, but ungrateful, and on that account, public justice would oblige me to publish every thing that came within my knowledge, respecting the late Investigation. In your letter of the 11th instant, there is a vile insinuation, which I cannot pass over without reprobation. You say, if others have made you

promises which they have not fulfilled; or if they have any way neglected you, it is not my fault; &c. certainly it is not your fault; if others have not fulfilled promises which they *never made*, I have no fault to impute to them; as they are not *under any obligation to me*, I have no claim upon them, and never considered myself neglected in any instance; your case is totally different, the public are convinced THAT YOU ARE UNDER AN OBLIGATION TO THE PARTIES YOU ARE NOW REVILING, though they never made you promises no more than they did to me; for at the time I found you out, I was not connected with them but very secretly, and it was by your own express desire, that I introduced you to Mr. WARD, of whose character, you informed me, you had a previous knowledge;

my original view was to serve you, with-  
out any hope of remuneration, and how far  
I have performed my duty, the public will  
soon decide between us; I am sure they will  
not give you much credit for the part you  
have acted in abusing me.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most obedient,

"Humble Servant,

"R. F. M'Curran.

"Mrs. CLARKE,  
"Westborne Place,  
"Sloane-square, Chelsea.

It is impossible to possess a more  
important document to illustrate the  
true character of this poor wretch, and  
the description of persons with whom

I unfortunately formed an acquaintance, than the one I have laid before the reader. He begins his letter with a gross falsehood, in stating that he had not applied to a bookseller, to publish what he was then pleased to call a copy of my book. A publisher, of the name of Blacklock, took orders for this embryo work, which was only announced, I suppose, to extort money from me!—So much then for the first part of this man's stuff; in which he goes on to observe, that "justice would oblige him to publish every thing," &c. &c.—A pretty fellow to talk of Justice, who, if other-

wise than *blind*, she would have seen him *hanged* for being a spy\* at *Trinidad*, where Major Dodd saved a *traitor* to become a future *spectacle* of *criminal jurisprudence*, had not Providence held out the *hand of mercy*,† and *snatched* him from the *ignominious line*, that *suspends* a villain from being of future mischief to his country!

As to the abuse which he accuses me of having bestowed on him, it does not deserve any notice, further than to observe, that I believe he

---

\* See Note to p. 10, Vol. I.

would have fabricated any thing as a plea for writing the sentiments of his employers, and getting them, if possible, clear out of *their engagements*. If the reader will employ a moment's reflection on the lines, distinguished in *italics and capitals*, and then turn his eye to the first pages of this work, he must be convinced that *Pierre McCullum, Esq.* was in every way calculated for the service of his worthy master, Colonel Wardle.

He says, I am under an obligation to Colonel Wardle and Major Dodd, though in a line or two further on,

also a copy of any work, as he pre-  
 fered to be, thought, that if he could  
 get this valuable manuscript out of his  
 hands, for a few hundred pounds, he  
 most probably might make something  
 handsome of them, either in a pecu-  
 niary point of view, or in the flattering  
 compensation of an additional honour,  
 and, therefore, sinking his imaginary con-  
 sequences, and assuming his best behaviour,  
 he courted (which is not very common)  
 the author, instead of the author being  
 obliged to court him. Among his  
 temporary civilities, he invited Mr Cul-  
 leen to his country house, at Hamp-  
 ton, and to the proposed town of Chelsea.

and, who, thinking that a good dinner was no *bad thing*, did the Knight the honour of a visit; on, I believe, the first Saturday after he sent me the preceding letter.

I need not describe the eagerness of Sir Richard, to come at the darling object of his ambition, and as M'Culloch afterwards related the conversation, I understand that he was offered £500 for the copy-right of his *suppressed stolen property*! The reader may easily suppose, that, as he had nothing to dispose of, he could not accede to the *proposed terms*, and,

therefore, Sir Richard finding nothing was to be done with his *visitor*, began to probe him upon other matters relative to his party, and his opinion of the disposal of my work.

This threw M'Callum into a great rage, when he informed the Knight, that, as I had received a large sum of money, and was also to have an annuity; he expected me to make him a *handsome reward, as he first found me out*, which, if I neglected to do, he *was determined to prevent me from having the annuity*;—that he would *blow up the whole set of us*; that it was an

infamous plot, and that he was acquainted with the whole affair!!! He then enumerated the parties concerned, in which he included the name of Lord Folkstone. Sir Richard, fearing that M'Cullum might deny all that was said, from his knowledge, I suppose, of his being a great rascal, requested a friend who was in the next room, to be present, who, I am informed, came in and heard him repeat the latter part of his remarks, with respect to the plot, &c. &c.

Sir Richard knowing, no doubt, of

what dangerous materials the agent of a conspirator is in general composed, began to fear that his friend Wardle might be ruined by the infidelity of a character, who would have sold his parent, or any of the dearest ties of nature, for a hundred pounds, immediately wrote to solicit an interview with Lord Folkstone upon the subject, who, accordingly, called upon Sir Richard, when he communicated all the latter part of his conversation, (leaving his desire of the book out of question,) relative to the threat held out by McCullum. Lord F. very coolly and very honestly observed, that he did not un-

~~demanded what was meant by it,~~ as he  
~~knew nothing of the business until it~~  
~~came before the House of Commons—~~  
 a fact, of which I shall shortly be  
 able to convince the reader. When his  
 lordship called upon me, he related his  
 conversation with Sir Richard, and  
 asked me, whether there was any *truth* in  
 McCallum's *account of a plot*. I told  
 him that at some future period I might  
 be at liberty to *say more* upon the sub-  
 ject, but at present I was obliged to  
 decline going further into the busi-  
 ness;—that, if his lordship was dis-  
 posed to attend to the information of

the public mind, I am able to inform

Sir Richard, he, perhaps, might learn something more of the affair from Colonel Wardle, who (if he pleased) could *explain every thing!*

If we cast our eyes over the pages of history, and take into our consideration, that man is quite the creature of circumstances; that his *fears* and *courage* are worked upon by the accidental appearance of *reward* and *punishment*, as quicksilver rises and falls by the versatile state of the atmosphere;—we shall not be surprised that conspiracies have generally failed to the extent of their au-

thor's views. Here we see a fellow who  
 was living, or rather starving, on the  
 bounty of a *conspirator*, about to *sell*  
*him and all his glory*, because he could  
 not get a *share* of my *property*, though  
 his master had not, in *any instance*, vio-  
 lated his professions of friendship to  
 him! One day he was standing up in  
*the cause* of his patron; the next day we  
 see him *ready* to stand up for *his de-*  
*struction!* and thus it is, the whole  
 machinery of *such a man's heart* is re-  
 gulated but by *two* springs;—the one  
 that turns up the fears of the *gallows*—  
 and the other that affords him a pre-  
 spect of *wealth!*

Taking a retrospect of some of the recent exertions of those persons who have formed plans on the Continent, for either the restoration of monarchy, or some other change in the government, as in the case of *General Fichtgrün* and *Méreau*, or in the still more recent case, if correctly given by the French papers, of an endeavour to obtain the liberty of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and restore him to his legitimate throne, it may be clearly seen, that the agents of these acts defeated the object of their embassy, through the operation of the passions, which ought to be so disciplined, as to sleep

with such persons. Indeed, the freedom of the British government will not admit of carrying into effect, a private plan of hostility on the Continent, for many reasons; one of which is, that, though it has the ability of bestowing rewards in case of success, it cannot inflict punishment beyond that of contempt and future disregard, if its agents, either through fear or too much anxiety, as in the case of Ferdinand, fail in the accomplishment of their object. Now, the arbitrary government of France can, not only reward as well as the English do, but it can go further with a

*weak-nerved and unsuccessful agent, who, if not hanged when found out by his enemy, is soon lost to the world after his return to Paris; and if you want to seek him, you must inquire of the executioner, at the door of the TEMPLE!*

Hence it is, that the French can do business of this kind better than the English. An Englishman, on his return from an unsuccessful embassy, has *his offence* as his *shield of safety*, and returns to society with the confidence of a hero, and if he should ever reflect upon his

errors, he has only *to regret*, that nature had not given him a *cool head*, and more *courage*, while his employers have to reproach themselves for having sent out a person of such a delicate *texture of nerve* !

Another probable reason of our ill success in these kind of things is, that the Englishman, from the natural freedom of his government, has much to fear when employed on an embassy of a private nature; first, because he is generally coupled with associates, whose success and lives are greatly dependant on

each other, and for whose fears and indiscretion he cannot be accountable; and secondly, that the dwellings of our leading political men, are too full of foreign servants, who are the most dangerous SPIES that can possibly infest a nation, and who very naturally love to see that COUNTRY FLOURISH which gave them birth, consequently they eat English beef, to enable them to tell English secrets, and thus the French government soon gets at the movements of our cabinet.

Such impressions operating even upon the mind of a cool metaphysical

may, are almost enough to agitate his nerves, and induce him to fear that every time the wind shakes his window, the French police is coming into his bed-chamber to take him away.

The person who is employed to bring about any great events such, for instance, as bringing away the incarcerated Monarch, whose presence, in his own convulsed nation, might *palsy* the enemy's sword, and ultimately restore it to all its wonted greatness, ought to be possessed of qualities a little above the ordinary

standard of men, otherwise the *policy* of his country will become exposed, and *his life* pay for the folly of its choice, and his own *weakness* !

In Colonel Wardle, we have seen what a political agent is—I therefore, will attempt to describe what such a character ought to be:—He should possess great natural endowments, and be a perfect master of the *passions*, *prejudices* and *infirmities* of mankind, so as he may at a moment be able to turn human weakness to the advantage of his own immediate

purpose; he ought to have a pretty general knowledge of political events, which living on the mind as a finger post of direction—or a beacon of guard, he may be instantly able to steer without observance amidst the rocks and quicksands of his dangerous station. He ought to be quick in conception, and cool in execution, and *Proteus* like, change his nature with every gale, without suffering the little storms of his service, to ruffle a mind which ought to bend coolly to every difficulty, for the attainment of its ends!

9-2

Now even such a character, pursuing his political course, with another, must act under great apprehension of his associate's ability and indiscretion, and therefore, no political operation of this kind can be so well affected, as when left to one clever individual, (if circumstances will admit) who, conscious of all resting upon himself, moves without the dread of being betrayed by the fears, weakness, or interest of his colleague.

If Colonel Wardle were such a character as I have described, what

mischief would be *within* his power!—  
 but his head was never designed for  
 anything beyond daring and impudent  
 blunders, and the violence of his dis-  
 position only tended to expose them.  
 Perhaps Providence, in its wisdom,  
 has so constructed our nature, for the  
 security of public happiness, that  
 but very few men possess the neces-  
 sary qualities, for shaking the throne  
 of a nation; and where that great in-  
 visible cause has given a head for  
 evil, it has also given a heart to coun-  
 teract its dangerous power; and  
 where it has given the heart of a  
 Warden, it has given a head also,

ed. to ~~say~~ and ~~mean~~ the conduct of the Colonel and Major Dodd. At this time, I should inform the reader, I was confined to my bed, and after many entreaties from Dodd and Wardle, to see me, I desired (in ~~rather~~ angry terms) to know what it was that occasioned them to urge an interview, when I was so indisposed.

Before I introduce Lord Folkstone to the notice of my reader, I must be permitted to pay a tribute of respect to *his honour and abilities*. His Lordship was no way connected with the persons who constitute the leading

feature of this work. He identified himself with the investigation upon public grounds, and only visited me under the impression of having been an injured woman, who was provoked to measures, at which my nature appeared to revolt. Under these honourable impressions, Lord Folkestone called forth the energy of a vigorous understanding into the *supposed* service of his country, and upon the same principle of becoming my friend, he united himself with the politics of Colonel Warde, as it will be shortly seen by an important Letter from his Lordship to me.

When Lord Folkstone found they wished to be admitted into my bed-chamber for a private conference, he insisted on being present, as he very *properly thought*, he had a right to know all the circumstances attending a measure to which he had lent his *public support*. Finding that nothing I could *say* or *do*, would excuse me from receiving their visit, I at last gave my assent, and the Colonel and Lord Folkstone came up. After some common place expressions of sorrow at my confinement, the Colonel told me, it was highly necessary I SHOULD NOT BE AGAIN CALLED before the House ;

and though I might be BETTER in health, I MUST affect to CONTINUE INDISPOSED, AS ANOTHER EXAMINATION MIGHT RUIN THEM !—At these remarks Lord Folkstone appeared much surprised, and then observed, that he was of a very contrary opinion, and thought *if I were well*, I ought to attend the House whenever called upon. After much altercation upon this point, Lord Folkstone told Colonel Wardle, that *he was sure*, there was something *going on*, with which he was not acquainted, and insisted upon knowing *what it was*,

that appeared to disturb him so much and which had thrown him into such an AGITATION. The Colonel finding himself so closely pinned down to the point, and that an evasion would not turn the SUBJECT, he was obliged to tell his Lordship, that it was of a nature he could not communicate to him. Lord Folkstone, feeling a little indignant at this answer, said, that as he had not been made acquainted with the whole business, he was sorry he had lent himself to the Colonel's cause, and immediately went down stairs to Major Dodd, who had been left in the parlour.

The reader may naturally suppose, that I had a pretty accurate idea of the Colonel's motives, for asking me not to appear again at the House of Commons, though I was obliged to assume a perfect ignorance of the subject, while Lord Folkestone remained in the room.

Where a variety of persons are concerned in an affair, like that of which I am now writing, and so many agents at work in all directions, to detect every thing that might tend to destroy their schemes in the bud; it will not appear extraor-

dinary, that government acquired some information of the real cause of the investigation, and of those persons who secretly organized, and gave it their private support. By a reference to the Minutes, it may be suspected that the Duke of York's friends had been made acquainted with some facts dangerous to Colonel Wardle's popularity from the questions which they had put to me on my former examination :—Colonel Wardle, feeling himself alone, began to unbosom his fears, by observing, that he and Major Dodd were very apprehensive that government were in possession of

circumstances which would prove unfavourable to the cause, if I were again examined, and though I had most ably evaded their questions, yet another examination might lead to the discovery of the whole plot; they, therefore, thought it most advisable to prevent me (if possible) from again attending the House, as the most effectual MEANS OF THEIR OWN SECURITY.

The Colonel continued to assure me, that Major Dodd, had also heard from various quarters, that suspicions were whispering about, that, he, and

the Duke of Kent had *promoted* the investigation, and as I had been already so closely questioned upon that and other subjects, they must close their glorious parliamentary career, without the hazard of my future assistance at St. Stephen's.—The Colonel then took leave of me. I afterwards understood that Lord Folstone, had a very serious conversation with Major Dodd, in the parlour, who also refused to impart the *secret* to his Lordship.

Notwithstanding I religiously kept my promise with the Colonel and Ma-

jor Dodd, that I would not inform  
 Lord Folkstone of the *private* under-  
 standing that existed between us  
 with respect to the Duke of Kent be-  
 ing, *through* his confidential Secretary,  
 the main spring of all the political ma-  
 chinery; his Lordship found that the  
*hounds had not opened* for nothing  
 and having *caught the scent*, on the  
 above morning, at Bridge-street, he  
 privately pursued the *track* till he  
 traced the *retreat* of the *sly fox*, who  
 had been doing so much *mischief* in  
 the DARK !

Though I shall presently go more

at length into my motives for not publishing my Memoirs, in consequence of the extraordinary affidavit, and afterwards personal evidence of Sir Richard Phillips; yet I must here inform the reader that I did not sit upon the expediency of becoming an author till the latter end of February; a circumstance which I entreat the PUBLIC to bear in memory, as much IMPORTANT MATTER arises from that FACT.

When Colonel Wardle and his colleagues found that I would not publish my book, as I have more than

once had occasion to remark, and that it was *become a service of danger to offer me again to the notice of the House of Commons, upon any new subject; their visits were less frequent, and their whole conduct assumed a different feature, though they kept up a sort of respectful politeness, under the management of a cold hearted policy!*

Keeping in mind the maxim of the poet, that "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and believing that Shakespear did not mean to

exclude females from the advantage of this doctrine; I thought, that I could not, as a parent, do too much for my children, who had commenced a very expensive education, and who have ever been the endearing objects of my care and solicitude; I therefore wrote to Colonel Wardle upon the subject of a subscription, which several of my friends had suggested, who thinking me deserving of public patronage, and not being acquainted with Colonel Wardle's private pecuniary engagements, had advised me to this measure!

Having so far explained my motives I beg to introduce to your notice, *not the same*, Colonel Wardle that I raised from *obscurity*, to the pinnacle of popular admiration, and who *would* have ~~been~~ the very dirt on which I trod, at ~~one~~ time for my services—but a Colonel Wardle, who not being able to *make other political uses of me* for the destruction of *\*\*\*\*\**, began to play the *jennit*, as may be seen by the following answer to my application, with respect to the subscription, in the drawing up of which, his wife, I suppose, afforded him assistance:

" March 24.

"Thanks for your good wishes, but my poor boy is in that state which renders me unequal to give my mind to any subject whatever. I had hoped that your arrangement about your book, would have warded off all present difficulty, and I hope, I need not assure you, that I shall ever be disposed to promote any plan for your permanent advantage; that you deserve well of your country, I believe, to be a very general sentiment, but the idea that prevails, that you are living in splendour, militates forcibly against any thing you suggest. I wish you would consult Lord F. and I anxiously wish, that having consulted him, you would attend to his advice. GOD BLESS YOU."

It does not require much penetration to see through the artifice of this letter. Colonel Wardle, finding that no further use could be made of me, had only another task to perform, which was to *avoid* in the quietest way possible, the fulfilment of all his promises, and therefore he *enters upon a new plan* of operations, by sending the above document, in which he very artfully begs me to consult Lord Folkestone upon the state of my affairs, whose knowledge of all his private proceedings he made every endeavour to prevent.

It is necessary to inform the reader, that on the receipt of the above extraordinary letter, I wrote back immediately to inform Colonel Wardle that I should be happy to take Lord Folkstone's opinion before that of any other person, and begged he would give me leave to explain the whole of the transaction to his Lordship; but to this proposition, the good Colonel decidedly objected, and therefore, at that time, I did not mention it to Lord Folkstone, believing that Colonel Wardle would re-consider the matter, and see the policy of being for once in his life wise—a political oversight,

I know he has since *regretted*, and which has given him many a *painful* hour; but after advancing a falsehood to the country, in his hasty and foolish address to the people of England; he has been obliged to *wade* through a *sea* of iniquity to support it, and to *keep up* that *monstrous* of his *monstrous* **CHARITY!**

I have already given a faithful account of all that I heard pass between the Colonel and Lord Folkstone, on their last meeting at my house; and it must appear pretty clear to the reader, that I have stated nothing but

facts, as I have mentioned the name  
of a nobleman who can contradict  
this declaration, if otherwise than true.  
But I entertain too high an opinion of  
the integrity and honour of Lord  
Folkstone, to believe that he will ven-  
ture to deny any part of the above  
statement. Experience has certainly  
taught me not to depend on the ho-  
nour or memory of any man, parti-  
cularly when I possess the means of  
doing justice to my own character,  
through the medium of *unassailable*  
*documents*.  
After this letter the Colonel was, as

I have before observed, less frequent at my house, and when any of his agents called, every artful excuse was employed to avoid any thing that led to the subject in which I was most interested. I was told, however, that I had broke every agreement, in having withdrawn my intended book from the public eye, and as the Colonel and his friends had an important purpose to answer through that publication, I had greatly injured and disappointed them—consequently I had no right to expect the fulfilment of their promises. To this, I replied, that the idea of publishing did not

occur to me till long after their pro-  
 mises of reward, and that as I had ac-  
 complished an injury to the Duke of  
 York, according to agreement, I felt  
 myself entitled to every penny of the  
 promised remuneration. Upon this  
 principle they endeavoured to shuffle,  
 and after several remonstrances, I  
 wrote the following letter to Colonel  
 Wardle, which no person would, or  
 could have written to another, who  
 had not a just claim upon his honour:—

I—

after their first meeting, 1859, 1860

"DEAR SIR,  
as had I as fast but answer to your

"When I sent for you the other day, and you were accompanied by Major Dodd, to enquire what were your inten-

tions, with respect to putting your pro-  
mises into execution; you seemed unwill-

ing to admit that they were made un-

conditionally, THIS I DENY. The only con-

struction I can put upon it, is this, that

you felt yourself under a heavy respon-

sibility to me, and of which, both yourself

and Major Dodd thought to get rid of by

future promises, as futile and evasive, nei-

ther of which ought or can succeed.—I

will here put you once more in mind of those

promises, and of my expectations, which

if you value yourselves as men of honour,

you cannot but accede to, nor can you

~~that I require anything but what I am~~  
~~fully entitled to.~~ ~~Nothing less~~ than five  
 hundred a year; and as my children have  
 been equal sufferers with myself, in the  
 public opinion; as being the daughters of  
 so indiscreet a mother, they demand from  
 me every thing I can, or ought to com-  
 mand; and therefore, as five hundred a year  
 for my own life, which may be short, would  
 be of no advantage to them, I think, that by  
 letting you off for Ten Thousand Pounds, is  
 not half you promises to me; yet, as I feel  
 aware of what you mentioned the other  
 day, of not having it in immediate power  
 to accomplish, I expect that you and Mer-  
 cer Dodd, enter into a joint bond, as you  
 did into joint promises, for Ten Thousand  
 Pounds, to be paid me within two years,  
 and till that be accomplished, to pay me

the £500 a year, commencing from March last, and to pay Wright the remainder of his bill.

"This is all, and surely it is not of half the value of the promises made me, which were these!—As my son was then under the protection of the Duke of York, of course would lose that protection as soon as I began upon the Duke's ruin. He was to have equal protection from the Duke of Kent.—I withdrew my son, and *I hate him now on my hands.* The next was a situation for Captain Thompson in some way, enough to keep him, or, in the event of the Duke of Kent coming in as Commander in Chief, to get him reinstated in the army.—*He still remains as hated!!!* The next, the payment of the arrears of annuity, as promised me by

the Duke of York, and the annuity to be continued to me during my life, of Four Hundred per annum; my debts to be paid, those contracted while I lived with the Duke of York, and those since.

"The debt of Twelve hundred pounds, which is owing to Mr. Comrie, for which he stops my jewels and furniture.

"My present house and furniture to be paid for, of which a part only is paid by you and Dodd.

"Now let me ask you, if the Ten Thousand Pounds is equal to half these promises? and for the fulfilment of each, you pledged yourself in the most solemn manner to see performed, and to which I paid the most implicit confidence and belief, or why did

reals, and expose, during the investigation, the overtures made me by Williams, of whatever sum that I might ask for, being ready for my acceptance, to make me affluent for life? *Think upon this.* I shall add but little more, but even were this sum to come out of your own pocket, the character you have acquired *through my means*, would ~~not be more than~~ I am fully entitled to.

"I remain, Dear Sir,

"Your's, &c. &c.

(Signed)

"M. A. CLARKE."

"Take a fortnight to consider; after that time do not depend upon my secrecy, and I shall consider myself at liberty to make what use I please of the copy of this letter."

No one, I trust, can be so credulous as to believe that I would have made such a demand on the purse of another, if previous circumstances had not warranted every sentence of this epistle!—The thing speaks so clearly for itself, that I shall not trouble the reader with any further illustration of my letter, beyond that paragraph which speaks of my having withdrew my son from the protection of the Duke of York for that of the Duke of Kent. Was it likely, that distressed as I then was, I should have removed my boy from all the comforts of life, and advantages necessarily at-

pendant on the Duke of York's patronage, for my own *maintenance*, out of the *hundred pounds*, which Major Dodd and the Colonel have since *sworn*, WAS ALL that they *promised to me for my laborious services* in the House of Commons. If the reader should believe this, it will not be difficult to make him believe, that he is walking about without that *useless thing, called his own head!*

I suppose this letter threw him into some slight degree of turmoil, as he came with it in his hand, soon after he received it, and begged to see me, but

as I had previously determined upon my future course of proceeding, my servant did not admit him, as may be seen further on, in my address to the people of the United Kingdom.

I must here inform the reader, that before Lord Folkstone left London, he teased me to *confirm* what he *had discovered* of the private history of my expectations, from the Duke of Kent, through Colonel Wardle and Major Dodd, and on my full exposure of every particular, he expressed his *indignation* at the *dirty proceedings*, in very strong and manly language, but

observed, that he should see the Colonel that very evening in the House of Commons, and would *sound* him upon his intentions towards me. On his Lordship's next visit, he told me that he had asked Colonel Wardle, whether he *knew how* I supported my establishment, as he did *not believe* I was living under the protection of any one—and whether he meant to exert himself for a *subscription*, or to do any other act of pecuniary kindness in return for my SERVICES.—The Colonel felt confused at *these questions*, and after some *little pause*, he said *he did not know* any thing about my affairs, but it was NOT IN HIS POWER

TO DO ANY THING FOR ME, and in fact it was not his intention to take *an interest in my concerns*.—His Lordship then left him with some *strong observation*, and assured me *that he would cut the dirty fellow*, which I have every reason to believe *he did*; for several months, till his Lordship found it political to notice him *again*, in order to *keep up* that SYSTEM OF POLITICS, to which he gives his usual support!!!

Furnished as I feel myself with the means of supporting every sentence of this work, I should be extremely *weak* to suffer either my *respect* or *delicacy*,

for the political conduct of any individual, to keep from the public eye a LETTER of any importance to my cause. If what I am about to introduce to the notice of the reader, had been written by a *ministerial man*, or *one* under the influence of *Royalty*, it might present itself in a questionable shape!—but when coming directly from a *nobleman* who is an *opponent* to ministers, and who distinguished himself *from principle only*, in Colonel Wardle's cause, it will *alone* become an UNANSWERABLE defence and justification of my conduct; even though I should cease to write another line upon the subject!

Mrs. CLARKE,

Westborne Place,

Stone Square, London.

Folkstone—(frce.)

Farringdon, June 27, 1809

“Coleshill House, 27th June.

“DEAR MADAM,

“I thank you for the Letter which I have just received from you. It is not dated either as to time or place; so I address this to you at your old house. Let me know when you write me to change the direction, I wish I had some news to send you in return for your entertaining Letter, but from this sequestered spot you can expect none—indeed since I came here I have done nothing but attend Bibury—wander about the fields by myself, and eat strawberries, things which are very entertaining and wholesome, but altogether uninteresting to relate. Your Letter, on the contrary, is full of interesting

matter, whereon, such a Hermit as I am at this place, whether he be of a contemplative turn of mind or not, mighty chew the cud of reflection for many a day. I THINK FROM WHAT YOU SAY, THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY, IF THE MATTER COMES ON FOR TRIAL. THE WHOLE AFFAIR MUST OUT, AND THE *ROYAL BROTHER*,\* DODD, AND WARDLE, WILL BE EXPOSED. I LAMENT THAT THEY DO NOT FORESEE THIS; OR, THAT THEY DID NOT FORESEE THIS, AND PREVENT THE *ECLAT*. I DO NOT GUESS WHAT THE LATTER MEANS TO DO, I SUPPOSE HE WILL TRUST TO HIS *POPULARITY* TO BEAR HIM THROUGH, BUT THAT WILL NOT DO—FOR AFTER

---

\* Duke of Kent.

ALL, THOUGH HIS PART HAS NOT BEEN SO BASE AS THAT OF THE OTHER TWO, *IT HAS BEEN A DIRTY ONE*, AND HE HAS SUFFERED HIMSELF TO BE MADE AN INSTRUMENT OF BY THEM. The thing, however, will do no good to the Royal Family in general; for though the Duke's friends and the Ministry, will attempt to invalidate your testimony, in CONSEQUENCE of the promises held out to you, there is so much evidence in your statements—so many corroborating circumstances, and so many people know so many instances of the kind, that the Public will not be induced to believe your testimony false. The thing, however will be, doubtless, attempted, and I should not wonder if the Duke was to be re-instated. If that should be, I hope you will be prepared to give them

some new instances, and proofs of your power, and the Duke's subserviency. I suppose the public prints will endeavour to mix me up with PRE-NAMED TRIO, but that is quite impossible. Whitbread, Burdett, and myself, can in no degree be involved—at least I have no doubt but that they are as clear as I know myself to be. I saw by the papers, that the Southwark Baronet had obtained for you, your letters—Mr. Jackson will now be easy !

“ As for Clavering, he is acting the part of a perfect idiot. The best thing he could have done, would have been to have walked quietly out of his gaol and hid himself. The less he is heard of the better for him. Instead of which, however, he is, I see, publishing a book—Clavering writing a book!!!—and as for challenging, if he has a mind to fight every body who speaks ill of him, he will

HAVE to fire at every man he meets. The idea of FIGHTING with Whitbread, is very bad. He must take care, or he will be running his foolish head into some foolish scrape or another. All this to do, I could contemplate with amusement, or at least I could sit by, and observe all these intrigues at work different ways, with philosophical indifference, were I not fearful you would be the sufferer. I tremble for the settlement of your affairs, which I should presume to be now more distant than ever.

“ I am afraid that you will be tired of this scrawl, which is nearly illegible.—Pray let me hear from you again when any thing occurs, and you have a moment for writing. Your Letters sent to Harley-street, as usual, will meet me: Adieu!

“ Ever sincerely, your's,      FOLKSTONE.”

I feel confident that I might here drop my pen in my defence, and rest *satisfied*, that I have already done all that the public *expected* and required of me!—But Machiavel's Prince, the great STAR that lighted Buonaparte along the murky path to his present glory, forbids that policy which allows *too much* indulgence to your enemy, of whose *revenge*, he observes, there should be left no reason to *fear*.

Impressed with a belief, that those persons who endervour to *swear* me into a goal, and perhaps a pillory,

and who sought the destruction of myself and children, do not deserve *much* lenity, I shall proceed to unmask their actions, for the contempt and derision of the world!

As the names of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Whitbread are mentioned in Lord Folkstone's letter, (I feel myself called upon to *corroborate* his Lordship's declaration, of their having been *in no way connected* with the *private proceedings* of Colonel Wardle and Major Dodd. Like Lord F. they only acted upon public principles, when the Charges

became a subject of Parliamentary discussion.

Of both these gentlemen I am bound to speak in the most grateful terms, and to express my admiration of their private worth, and great abilities. With the politics of Sir Francis I have nothing to do or say, farther than I believe he means well, though *imprudently too violent*, and not *very choice* as to the character of his *political associates* !

When Sir Francis possesses himself of a more perfect knowledge

of Colonel Wardle's character, I think he will be *sorry* that he has recently suffered *such a man*, during the commotion in Piccadilly, to *crawl up his back*, and seat himself upon *unpolluted* shoulders, in order that the *lustre* of his character might afford a transient ray to play round a visage so deeply clouded with guilt!

If Mr. Gillray, the ingenious caricaturist, were to employ his pencil upon Wardle's artful method of again trying to raise himself in the public opinion, the worthy Baronet would be seen to labour under

is great a *bundle of sin*, as John Bunyan, the hero of *The Pilgrim's Progress*!

The other paragraphs of this important letter are so complete a *defence* of my conduct, and exposure of Colonel Wardle, that I shall now leave them for him to *chew the cud of reflection upon*, with what appetite he may; while I conduct the other of my readers to another part of the subject.

When Lord Folkstone's important letter to me first met the public eye

many persons expressed a doubt of its authenticity; but, fortunately, his lordship soon relieved me from the trouble of making good the truth of my statement. Whether it was fear, or political insanity, that induced his lordship to expose himself in the following letter, I am not quite prepared to say; but if I may venture an opinion, it is, that, on seeing his letter published, he was afraid of being called out by Major Dodd or Colonel Wardle.

"To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle."

SIR,

The Letter of which the annexed is a

copy, I should be glad you would insert in  
your Paper to-morrow.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"June 14. GM. LL. WARDLE.

' *Cowes, June 12.*

' DEAR WARDLE,

' I have just seen by the Papers that Mrs.  
Clarke has at last published her book, and  
therein a letter addressed to her by me in  
June last. I have not seen the work itself;  
I therefore do not know what use she makes  
of the letter; but it cannot fail to occur to  
you, *that the opinions therein expressed were  
founded, SOLELY ON THE REPRESENTATIONS  
SHE GAVE ME.* The letter is evidence of my  
feelings at the time, but upon the subject of  
those feelings we have already COME TO AN

UNDERSTANDING. — I should, therefore, not have troubled you now with this observation, had I not found that Major Dodd's name is mentioned in that letter, which I was not aware of, and think it due to him to state, and I beg you to state to him from me, that, as those opinions were formed and expressed when I was satisfied of the truth of the representations made to me, SO NOW, THAT I HAVE NO LONGER REASON to maintain them, I can have no objection to DISAVOWING, as I would have done before, had I recollected having so written.

‘ The same remark applies equally to the  
‘ Royal Brother.’

‘ I will not disguise to you the extreme  
pain which I always feel when I see my name

in the Papers, and my opinions and conduct made the matter of public discussion ; but I think I am bound to give you full authority to make what use you or Major Dodd may think proper of this letter.

‘ I remain, dear Wardle,

‘ Your obedient humble servant,

‘ FOLKSTONE.

‘ To G. L. Wardle, Esq.

‘ James Street, London.’ ”

I regret exceedingly that I have mistaken the character of this young nobleman. The reader will see that I have hitherto thought him *above the creatures* who led me into public notice ; but as I find myself deceived, and am now satis-

fied that he suffers *political furor*, or the *smell of gunpowder*, to *tarnish* the man of honour and the gentleman, I feel justified in shewing the political Lord Folkstone in Colonel Wardle's coat!

Though I am ashamed of his having condescended to lend himself to the *support of a falsehood*, merely to keep up *his party*, I should be very sorry to see him unfairly treated, should Dodd or Wardle *really* call him out.

If he be not *ashamed* to send to me on the event of a *challenge*, I will readily attend him as a second, and should he at

all tremble, I will guide his arm, and pull the trigger; and let it be remembered, that if Dodd and Wardle fall in the conflict, the world has got rid of two impostors, and the survivor has lost his character for having lent his support to such men!

As I am not fond of much trouble in these matters, I hope they will choose Wimbledon Common, as being political ground, which may inspire courage, and not take me far from home.

When Lord Folkstone wrote this letter, he forgot to deny the conversation

he heard at my bedside, as detailed in pp. 84, 5, 6, and 7, of this volume, and many other circumstances which this work relates, that must convince the reader that he *has now lent himself to falsehood.*

As his lordship has shewn a disposition to forget the gentleman, in order to support his political party, it is of no use my asking him, whether he *recollects* being in a party, where he had a conversation with a *person* of some consequence, *who told* him that the Duke of Kent was at the bottom of the whole affair? When Lord F. says, in his letter to War-

dle, "THAT THE OPINIONS THEREIN  
EXPRESSED were founded, solely on the  
representations she gave me," I do not  
hesitate to say, that he advances one of  
the *grossest falsehoods* that ever stained  
and *dishonoured* the lips of man !

If the reader will re-peruse his letter  
to me, of June 27, 1809, it may be  
clearly seen that he *wrote* it, under a per-  
fect *knowledge* and *conviction* of the Colo-  
nel's *conduct*, to me, and his services in a  
certain cause.

I cannot but laugh at the *idea* of his  
lordship's *coming to an understanding* with

Colonel Wardle since he wrote to me! — It is truly whimsical!

I have no doubt of the truth of *this* declaration, that they find it political to understand each other now, with a view to conceal certain infamous proceedings, which, when exposed, will prove fatal to the intended effect of long and virtuous speeches to the people of England, and also fatal to another Parisian disturbance, which has stained France with so much innocent blood.

As this patriotic nobleman has so completely lost himself by his letter to

Colonel Wardle, I will, out of about forty letters, lay before the public a few of his epistles, that the reader may be better able to judge of his conduct, character, and services !!!

As the following letter requires little or no illustration, I shall subjoin it with only this remark, that Lord Folkstone then knew that my letters had been shewn about by Dodd, and that he, *at that time*, believed that the Duke of Kent **HAD SEEN them.**

"Feb. 18, 1809.

"DEAR MADAM,

"The House was not inclined to take your letters last night, when I first wished to produce them--and indeed it did not seem at that time at all important that they should have them. Afterwards, however, something passed, which made me desirous that they should be produced; but the Committee had broken up, and there was a difficulty in point of form. It was finally determined that some Clerks from the Bank, who are in the habit of examining hand-writings, should compare the three letters of the Duke's, which are on the table of the House, and be examined at the Bar on Monday, whether, in their opinion, they are all of the same writing. If they say "Yes," I shall be content--if they

- 113 -

say "No." I shall endeavour to get you called in, in order that you may produce that packet of letters which you brought down yesterday. You must therefore hold yourself in readiness to appear again on Monday, unless you hear from me to the contrary; and *I beg you, in the mean time, to keep the letters in your possession, and not let any one whatever take them out of your house.*"

"Yours in great haste,

(Signed) "FOLKSTONE."

The next letter which I beg to introduce to the notice of the reader, is of some importance to the support of my book, as it speaks of a *hundred* pounds which Wardle presented (as Dodd and

Wardle informed me) from the DUKE of KENT to Miss Taylor, for her *services*;

but the Duke may have a short *memory*, and now think it political to forget his GOOD DEEDS!

"DEAR MADAM,

"I forgot to give you at the play, last night, the inclosed, which Wardle had given me for you; I therefore now send it to you.

I also forgot to desire you to beg of Miss Taylor not to employ the £100 which Wardle received for her, and as I understand, gave to her, but to let it go to the subscription. If she has not now spent it, send it me and I will put it down to Budd's Book. It will have, I think, a much more advantageous effect in that way.

"I hope you got away from the play without a mobbing—and that you are well to-day.

"I am,

"Your's truly,

(Signed) "FOLKSTONE."

"Tuesday morning,  
half past 2 o'clock."

"Of course I need not beg of you if you send the £100 note, to send it me under cover."

This letter must convince the reader that ~~this~~ political party wanted back the Duke's present of one hundred pounds, to *swell out the subscription* which had been proposed by Mr. Cobbett, and was supported with such public enthusiasm.

The reader will perceive, from the perusal of this letter, that Lord Folkestone had greatly interested himself in my affairs, and was my *principal private* adviser with respect to the suppression of my last book.

*“Harley Street, April 3d, 1809, half-past 12 in the morning.*

“DEAR MADAM,

“I had not left my claret. but my tea and a pleasant company, and was putting on my great coat *at the foot of Wardle's stairs* when I received your commands, in obedience to which alone I reluctantly made up my mind not to call on you this evening. I hope that neither illness nor anger (for which I can guess no

cause) was the cause of the peremptory order I received, and which, so much against my will, I obeyed. I am glad you have sent the letters: I hope they were written fair, and that you attended to all my orders about stopping and dating, and sealing, and directing with as much attention as I have attended to yours. I have been perusing the paper which your *legal adviser*, Comrie, wanted you to sign. I see more reason each time I read it why you should not sign a paper drawn up in that form; but especially a paper like that so incorrectly written, and full of abbreviations &c.—Beware of this man—I think he is no friend of your's. I will if I can keep awake to night, or at all events in the morning, put to paper some ideas on the subject. In the mean time let me ex-

hort you not to agree to verbally, and especially not to sign, any proposal hastily, and without consideration. My head is not a cool one; but I think it is cooler than yours; and at all events, the delay occasioned by your resolution to consult me, at least insures time for reflexion. I will call on you at the time which you will name. I have an engagement in Blackfriar's Road at three, which will detain me some time; and either before or after that, I must go into the city; but I will call on you either at one or at five, or at your dinner hour, or early or late in the evening, as will best suite you—fix the time, and I will make my arrangements in consequence.—Adieu. I shall now go to bed. The scratches in this letter prove how unfit I am for business now.

Let me hear from you, and believe me,  
Dear Madam,

"Ever truly your's,

(Signed)

"FOLKSTONE."

The following Letter will shew *that*  
*Dodd* was not the only person who had  
a *finger* in the book which was then  
about to be published.

Lord Folkstone acknowledges his  
*anxiety* with respect to the *manner* my  
efforts were to *go into the world*, and in  
this *epistle* gives another *proof* of his  
*friendship* for the woman whose word  
he now endeavours to *lessen*, in the  
good opinion of the public !

*" March 27th, 1809.*

**" DEAR MADAM,**

**" I am as nearly knocked up  
as ever Rip of a race horse was at the end of  
the fourth four-mile heat for a King's Plate;  
but I am not inclined to give in yet. I  
want to talk to you about Lawson. I also  
want to talk to you about your book: if  
the preface is not finally determined on and  
printed, I should like to look it over. It is  
of great importance to you that you should  
be PROPERLY AND TRULY REPRESENTED IN  
IT TO THE PUBLIC; I am therefore desirous  
to see it, before it is too late; get it home  
for this purpose if you can; and I will call  
this evening after dinner about ten o'clock.**

"Let me know if such arrangement will  
 suit you, and believe me ever truly

"Your's, (in haste)

(Signed)

"FOLKSTONE."

With what face can Mr. Cobbett  
 abuse me in his Weekly Register, after  
 the reader is made acquainted with this  
 letter, and discovers that he, and Lord  
 Folkstone, endeavoured to make me an  
 instrument of *political* convenience for  
 the purpose of attacking any *object* that  
 best suited the policy of the moment!

"DEAR MADAM,

"I received the enclosed to  
 day from Mr. Cobbett. I wish you would,

without loss of time, *enquire* into the facts, and let me know the result. I will call if possible for your ANSWER TO-MORROW about four; if I cannot call, I will SEND in the evening. Take care of the letters and return them.—I hope you are better.

“ Ever your’s, (in haste) ”

“ FOLKSTONE. ”

“ April 22d, 1809.”

The husband of the lady who is named in the following letter; I *essentially served*, and in return for my *kindness*, Mrs. Elderton was afterwards pleased to say that she did not recollect me. Lord Folkstone who was always upon the look out for a *political job*,

heard me mention my friendship to Mrs. Elderton, and made some endeavour to turn her husband's case to account, he therefore commenced a correspondence with her, in the course of which she tried to *coax* some money out of his pocket, but in that attempt she failed, as Lord F. will do any thing but *give*, or *lend*, his money!—The reader will perceive however by this letter that his Lordship was only a *political* visitor, and FREQUENTED my house in order to obtain something that might *bring him into public favour*.

1846 April 12

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am not to see Mrs. Elderton till this evening at nine—will you give me some dinner in my way there at seven.—I do not think I shall be kept at the House beyond this time.

"Truly your's (in haste)

"FOLKSTONE."

The whole of the next letter also confirms my declaration, that, I was made the *instrument* of serving political men with the means of obtaining *popularity*, by bespattering any one they felt a disposition to *degrade*, or *lessen* in the estimation of the country:—

"DEAR MADAM,

" I called upon you to inquire, whether you had pursued the inquiry about the Bribes offered to the Baker in Church-lane—and to beg you (if you have not) to do so without loss of time.—If you can give me any information about that matter, send it me—my servant shall call about six for your answer, he will bring it to me at the House.—If you have not yet done any thing, pray set about it immediately, as in case of an adjourned debate (which I think mighty probable) it will be sufficiently early to have this information to-morrow, and I will call in the course of the morning to hear, (if you have any to give—last night was the darkest I ever was out in—I fell into

*the ditch by the Chapel, and luckily did*  
 NOT BREAK MY NECK.

"Truly your's,  
 "FOLKSTONE."

It may be necessary for me here to inform the reader, that I repeatedly *intreated* Lord Folkstone to take those letters back which he had written to me.—I made this offer to him from an impression, that he was a man of high honor, and that he was *incapable* of a *falsehood*; but alas! I have *been deceived even in him!*

This letter will shew the reader however, that I had no intention to make use of his letters in any *improper way*:

but when my character and feelings were concerned from the villainous prosecution that was instituted against me, I trust the reader will *think me* justified in having called in every aid and assistance within my ability; to repel the effect of Wardle's malice, and as Lord Folkstone's letter was a very important document in support of my narrative, I was *painfully* obliged to give it a niche in the work. Had his Lordship, *continued the Gentleman* I once believed him to be, I should not have inserted these other letters, out of about *forty* which if published, *must lessen him, and raise me* in the estimation of the people!

July 17, 1809.

"DEAR MADAM,

"As I have no reason to think that you will make any use of my letters, and as I have no reason *to be ashamed of any thing in them if you do*, I have no wish to have them returned—you are welcome to keep or destroy them as you please.

"With respect to Sir Richard Phillips,\* I have destroyed it; and I wish you not to speak of it to any one. My reason I will tell you when we meet.

"I too have seen a paragraph in 'The Press,' about Cobbett. The whole is quite

---

\* This secret I will leave for Lord E. to explain if he pleases but I suppose he will decline any further illustration of his motives and conduct !!!

false, except the fact of the visit, I am sure if any thing of the sort had passed, I should have recollected it, and I have no recollection at all of the kind ; I am sure it is false.

"In great haste, truly yours,

(Signed)

"FOLKSTONE."

I must here inform the reader, that Colonel Pigot's name having been introduced to the notice of the House through the Investigation, I felt exceedingly anxious to convince him of my not having been the *intentional cause of it*; and that I wished him to be convinced, that he ranked among those friends whom I most esteem.

Accordingly I asked Lord Folkestone to write to the Cape of Good Hope, to express my sorrow at the public use of his name, and that my good intentions towards him were in no way *abated*!

This request will account for the following letter, which is another proof of his Lordship's good opinion of me.

*"August 30, 1809.*

"DEAR MADAM,

"I found your letter on my arrival in town yesterday. My acquaintance with Pigot is so slight, that I think there will be considerable awkwardness in my writing to him on this subject, and I shall have some

difficulty in knowing what to say to him. If, however, you still wish it, send me his address, and I will write to say, that in every thing I have ever heard you say of him, you have seemed to *consider him as your friend, and that I am totally ignorant of any injury you would, much more of any you meant, to do him.* I apprehend this would altogether meet your ideas.

"There is scarce any one in town, and I have heard of nothing stirring.—I hope you and the girls are well.

"I am, yours ever truly,

Mrs. Clarke, (Signed) "FOLKSTONE,"

Cowes,

Isle of Wight.

Having given the reader eight more letters out of about forty which I have in my possession, I hope it will be clearly seen that no longer ago than the latter end of August last, which is not yet ten months, Lord Folkstone held me in high and friendly esteem, and I should like to be informed what his motives are for now thinking otherwise of me than he did then?

It is true that I am not now employed to provoke rebellion in the country, and that is the only VISIBLE CAUSE, why his Lordship should have sacrificed me and his own VERACITY and HONOR!!! But

of this fact I am perfectly satisfied, that Lord Folkstone never did a more silly thing in his life than when he wrote his *last public letter* to Colonel Wardle, of Friday, June 12th, which must essentially *serve me*, and *reduce* him, with the *thinking* and respectable part of the nation !

I am about to introduce to my reader, a curious letter which I found in my iron chest, *full of very curious letters*, among which, I *entertain a hope*, that I shall lay my hand upon a note of the Duke of Kent's, which I am inclined to think Major Dodd *dropped in* pulling out

his handkerchief, after he had taken a large portion of Mr. Illingworth's wine, which he thinks *I am weak* enough to pay for!!!

I shall introduce this letter, from Dr. O'Meara, and then the reader may give the *sanguinary* part of the epistle what credit he pleases; but certainly Rober-  
spiere never did a *cooler thing* than that, which is said to have distinguished the Patriotic Colonel when in Ireland.

The reader will see that the letter is written to my brother, Capt. Thompson, who most probably left it with me,

when I had no idea of its ever making a public appearance.

*"Dublin, 29, Frederick-street.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I congratulate you on the victory Mrs. Clarke has gained over the Mushroom Patriot; I think we could give him *le coup de grace*. I have collected some curious particulars of his own campaign in Ireland; one most horrible, and which will be proved on oath. One day during the rebellion, he met a poor man near Athy, with a satchell on his back, containing an axe, an auger, a saw, &c. &c.; he immediately concluded that the poor man was a rebel, having such dangerous weapons concealed in a sack. In vain the poor

HAD DECLARED THAT HE WAS A CARPENTER, AND  
 THAT THESE WERE HIS TOOLS. THE COLONEL  
 COULD NOT BE CONVINCED, AND HE ORDERED HIS  
 HEAD TO BE SAWED OFF, WHICH WAS DONE ON  
 THE SPOT. I hope Mrs. C. now that she has  
 passed through this ordeal trial, will have no  
 objection to state the whole truth for my  
 private and personal friends. She told me  
 she did not intend to mention my name;  
 that she was forced by Mr. Wardle to em-  
 bellish as she did with respect to me. The  
 blow was aimed at the Established Church,  
 to stab it through the sides of a Clergyman.  
 The Reformists and Methodists being leagued  
 together to pull down both Church and  
 State.

"My letters in defence of the Duke were

not mentioned, which was the ground and cause of my introduction to him; and Mr. R. H. having thanked me for writing those letters, I ventured to ask him for the Chaplaincy of the Royal Yacht, and for which he promised to apply on my forwarding to him a letter of recommendation from some Bishop, and which I did from Bath, directed to Portman-square: this fact I wish to have cleared up to shew the Archbishop and my friends here.

“Cobbett says I preached at Weymouth from under the wing of Mrs. C. whereas it was the year before I preached before the Royal Family, viz. 1804. In the Microcosm of London, it is difficult to distinguish ladies under protection from ladies of fashion;

each of these orders borrows the manners of the other, and they act their parts as naturally, it was no wonder a man of so much simplicity was deceived by the illusions of graceful manners, and modest discourse. The goddess Hecate, who presided over magic and enchantments, was the same with Luna and Diana. Mrs. C. could personate this divinity with ease, assuming all her forms, attributes, and functions, and Mr. O. assured me she was a widow in the last month of her grief.—The Masquerade was continued by the visits of ladies of fashion at her house, and the visiting cards of many of high consideration, &c. &c. &c.

“I intend being in London in Spring when I hope to see you; and I shall be glad to get an answer to this letter.

"When you see Mr. O. give him my  
best regards.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your's sincerely,

"T. O'M."

"22d Dec. 1809."

"I opened this letter to add, that the letter  
of mine which was found by the secret com-  
mittee, and which has been so much misre-  
presented as an indecent production, was  
an answer to a hoaxing letter I got from  
Mrs. C. in which she said she was tired of  
the poms and vanities of this wicked world,  
&c. &c. That Mary Magdalene was not  
more penitent, and intreating that I would  
comfort the weak hearted, and find out for  
her a cheap and safe asylum in Ireland. of

answered the epistle of this witty piece of  
*Eve's flesh in print*; and for which the Saints  
and Reformers have splashed me with abuse.

Mrs. C. got back this letter, and I hope she  
will preserve it and the Archbishop's letter."

As I wish to shew every fairness to  
his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent,  
I insert the following declaration,  
which is intended to *counteract* the ef-  
fect of my narrative.

#### THE DECLARATION.

"The Duke of Kent having seen a recent  
publication, entitled the "*Rival Princes*,"  
in which he is charged with having sanc-  
tioned and encouraged the adoption and  
prosecution of measures tending to the ma-

nifest injury of a brother's honour and interests, it is impossible that he should not feel anxious to counteract immediately the impression which must dwell with the country, while such foul and unmerited aspersions remain unnoticed. To remove, therefore, from his character that stigma which would justly attach to it, if it were not in his power to prove that there has not at any time existed the smallest foundation for a charge, at the very idea of which every honest man must recoil with horror and indignation—

“The Duke of KENT has determined to lay before the public the following Declaration, which was made and committed to paper by Captain DONN, on the 26th day of July last, in the presence of the Earl of HARRING-

/ von and Colonel Vass, and which was de-  
 livered to him, to be used at his discretion;  
 At that period, the Duke was induced to  
 require this Declaration, with a view to his  
 own satisfaction, in consequence of various  
 reports and insinuations which has gained  
 circulation. The communication of it was  
 consequently confined to his own family, and  
 to some of his friends; and he had flattered  
 himself that it would be unnecessary to  
 make any appeal to the public on a matter  
 which affected himself exclusively; nor is it  
 without sincere concern, that he now finds  
 himself under the necessity of entering thus  
 publicly into a vindication of his conduct.  
 He is, however, confident that every liberal  
 mind will give him credit for taking a step  
 which he feels to be due to his character, to

the honour and dignity of the family, and which marks his anxiety to stand well with the country in general.

QUERIES PUT TO CAPTAIN DODD BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT, AND HIS ANSWERS THERETO, 26TH JULY, 1809.

" Q. Have I either directly or indirectly sanctioned, advised, or encouraged any attack upon the Duke of York ?

" A. Never.—(Signed T. Dodd)

" Q. Have I had, to your knowledge, any acquaintance or communication with Colonel Wardle, or any of the persons concerned in bringing forward the investigation respecting the Duke of York's conduct, which took

place in parliament last winter, either direct or indirect?

“ A. I feel confident that your Royal Highness has no such knowledge or acquaintance.—(T. Dodd.)

“ Q. Have I, to your knowledge, ever had any acquaintance with, or knowledge of, Mrs. Clarke, or any communication with her direct or indirect, upon the subject above named, or any other ?

“ A. I am confident your Royal Highness never had.—(Signed T. Dodd.)

“ Q. Have I ever expressed to you any sentiments which could induce you to believe

that I approved of what was brought forward in Parliament against the Duke of York, or of any proceeding that would tend to his obloquy or disgrace?

"A. Never. I have heard your Royal Highness lament the business *viva voce*, and you made the same communication to me in writing. (Signed T. Dodd.)

"Q. Have you ever, to your recollection, expressed yourself, either by word or in writing, either to Colonel Wardle or Mrs. Clarke, or to any other person connected with the investigation on the Duke of York's conduct, in any way that could give them reason to suppose that I approved of the measure, or would countenance those concerned in bringing it forward?

"A. Never. But I have, on the contrary, expressed myself, that your Royal Highness would have a very different feeling. (Signed T. Dodd.)

"Q. What were my expressions on the subject of the Pamphlet which appeared, passing censure on the conduct of the Duke of York, and others of my Family, and holding up my character to praise; and what have been the sentiments which I have uniformly expressed on similar publications, whether in the newspapers or otherwise?

"A. I have invariably heard your Royal Highness regret that any person should attempt to do justice to your own character at the expence of that of the Duke of York,

& any other member of your Family.

(Signed T. Dodd.)

Q. During the ten years you have been my private Secretary, when in the most confidential moments, I have given vent to my wounded feelings upon professional subjects, did you ever hear me express myself inimical to the Duke of York, or that I entertained an expectation of raising myself by his fall?

A. Never; on the contrary, I have frequently heard your Royal Highness express yourself very differently. (T. Dodd.)

"The above questions, written in Colonel Vesey's hand, were all dictated by me.

(Signed)

"EDWARD,

"In the presence of Lord Harrington.

(Signed)

"HARRINGTON,

"J. A. VESSEY."

I treat the reader to keep in mind that this declaration was written some time ago to satisfy the greater part of his Royal Highness' own family; who having the *means* of hearing more than was pleasant to him, felt uneasy that he had lent himself to the indulgence of any unworthy passion towards his Royal Brother!

When the Duke of Kent was first apprized of the suspicions his own *family* entertained of his conduct, why did he *not* do, what the *feelings* of any ordinary person would have suggested as a duty to his *honor* and character.—

Why did he not send to me, in a bold and manly way and say ; “ Madam, I understand my servant Major Dodd has united himself with a Colonel Wardle, who is now commencing proceedings against my own Royal Brother. As such a *friendship* and connection is repugnant to my feelings, I beg to inform you that, if you should have been led to expect that I afforded my *private assistance* to such a measure, you are much deceived, as I am determined to take every means of shewing my disapprobation to any injury attempted to be done to the character and feelings of my Brother, and to assist him in bringing those

persons to justice and public disgrace,  
 who may take the liberty to couple my  
 name with such an infamous and evil  
 action, you show us of good so bad  
 and so bad a thing! I say then, I have  
 said I say why did not the Duke of Kent  
 do something of this kind, and then he  
 would not now have had an occasion to  
 address the public upon his *innocence*,  
 which is only supported by the word of  
 a man who I have shewn in the course  
 of my narrative to be a great *liar*, and  
 equal to the dirtiest acts that can pos-  
 sibly disgrace the *Gentleman*.

In the first volume of this work, page

96, 97, and 98, the reader will see that I do not deal in empty assertions. Major Dodd ~~there solemnly declares~~ he had nothing to do with *my papers*; and in the next page I introduce his own letter, in which he *speaks* of the letters and papers he *artfully* obtained of me, to shew the Duke of Kent!!!

There is ample room for me to dilate upon the Duke of Kent's *conduct* on this business, if I were not already satisfied that I had made out my case, and that any thing Dodd *may say* or swear for his Royal Master, will *rather* injure than *serve* him!

As I am determined not to compromise my character and feelings to screen any man, however elevated in life, I have thought it right to answer the Duke of Kent's declaration in this way, and now I beg leave to address him personally upon the subject!

If the Duke will allow me, I will appear in any place or court of justice, and describe his handwriting, and also swear to the purport of those letters which Major Dodd brought repeatedly for me to read.

"If the Duke of Kent had been prudent,  
 he never would have noticed my book,  
 which he ought to have effected to TREAT  
 WITH CONTEMPT, and then he would  
 have stood better with the country.  
 But unfortunately for some people,  
 they will be *writing*, which has already  
 injured Lord Folkstone, who though  
 fond of his pen, did not chose to *write*  
 his name in the subscription book  
 opened for Colonel Wardle, from  
 then believing him *undeserving* of  
 a guinea! Sir F. Burdett, I believe,  
 was impressed with the same belief,  
 but a man's politics will lead him to  
 make *strange sacrifices of private feel-*

*ing and principle, in order to support a favourite system of hostility to the Government!*

*I cannot suppose that any rational thinking person will be induced to believe that the first servant of a prince would enter into a conspiracy against his royal master's brother, without knowing the ground he was about to tread; and that his movements would not lessen him in the esteem of his master!!!*

*His own regiment\* have given credit*

---

*\* The representation relative to Major Donn, which has been laid before the Master-General of the Ordnance, is said to have been*

to my testimony, and very properly dismissed, a man with whom a gentleman ought not to be seen !

Here, however, are the facts without fear of consequences, which I am quite prepared for, and therefore shall close

~~the following account of the trial of the~~

involved upon, and drawn up immediately after the trial in the Court of King's Bench, and forwarded to the Ordnance Office immediately after. The reason of its having remained so long undecided upon, is, we believe, first the intervention of the Expedition to the Scheldt, which took away the Earl of CHATHAM, then Master-General, from the superintendence of that department ; and subsequently the political contests, and the change always contemplated, and recently carried into effect. The publication of Mrs. CLARK's Book, and the conduct of Major DONN, as described in it, together with several of his own letters, all unexplained and unaccounted for, have, within these few days, called the attention of the Officers connected and acquainted with the affair, in a particular manner, towards it.

*Morning Post.*

my answer to the Duke of Kent's declaration with this royal sentiment, that "every honest man must recoil with horror and indignation at such a charge!"

In my letter to Colonel Wardle, I promised to wait a fortnight for his answer, but not hearing from him upon the subject, I informed Mr. Wright of his conduct to me, in order that he might be upon the alert with respect to his bill. He accordingly, called on the Colonel several times, who being always denied, thought it prudent to leave his bill with the following note:

" Francis Wright's respectful compliments to the Colonel, has taken the liberty to inclose his bill, and as the articles were to be charged for ready money, having met with a most serious disappointment, will thank him to settle the balance, and for that purpose will call upon him to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock."

*" Rathbone Place, June 1, 1809."*

Not hearing from the Colonel in due time, Wright again called at his house, when his servant brought out word, that his master could not see him, and that he did *not know* any such person, nor any thing about his business, therefore he must have made a mistake, and come

to the wrong house!!!—I am sure the reader will think with me, that such an answer, was enough to enrage Mr. Wright, and induce him to go instantly and consult his attorney, who, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, of which he was well acquainted, advised him to proceed against the Colonel immediately, otherwise he would lose the advantage of a Term.

I wonder whether the Colonel knew Mr. Wright, when he *personally coaxed* him to do his dirty work, in making an enquiry with respect to a lady in the New-road, who was supposed to have

been acquainted with a personage of high rank. — I wonder whether he knew Mr. Wright when he was soliciting other favours of him, with respect to an officer in the Guards, and endeavouring to make him an instrument of his convenience in a variety of ways, but which favours, Mr. Wright, though obliged to promise, told me, he did not choose to perform, as there was such a person as M'Cullum about the Colonel, who was better fit for that kind of dishonourable business than himself.

Mr. Wright had now no alternative left for the recovery of his money, but

by a legal proceeding against the Colonel, who accordingly soon understood that he had to dispute the point with John Doe and Richard Roe.

Before the cause came on to be tried, the Colonel very naturally had several consultations with his counsel, whom, as I before observed, he deceived with respect to the real merits of the case.

Mr. Clibbet having got wind of the impending danger of his friend's popularity, made some enquiries upon the subject, and hearing, through Mr. Waithers, the linen draper, that he had

seen the Colonel's brief, which evinced  
 an *unspotted* case, he gave him his assur-  
 ance of support in his Weekly Register,  
 but expressed a desire to see a fair copy  
 of it, which Mr. Corfield immediately  
 prepared with all *necessary* *omissions*, and  
 Wardle sent off to Botley.—Cobbett and  
 Waithman being impressed with a belief  
 that this brief contained the *whole* trans-  
 action, and it in no way *impaired* the  
 character of their friend Wardle, as a  
 gentleman, and a man of honour, they  
 predicted the most favourable result to  
 his cause.

At the trial approached, and, as Co-

Colonel Wardle's *facts* gradually made him *unfold* circumstances that were not at all touched upon in the briefs which had been *prepared* expressly to preserve his character with Cobbett and Walchman. Mr. Corfield began to see a little more into the *real* situation of his client, and advised accordingly,

It is said, that he who deceives his physician or lawyer, deceives himself, and this was precisely the case with the Colonel, who told *one* thing one day, and *another* afterwards, and only in the moments of agitation, let the facts drop out, which he often appeared ready to

re-swallow, and twist away by falsehood!

One morning, after a long consulta-

tion with Mr. Serjeant Best, who af-

forded him no hopes of his cause, and

who predicted the destruction of that

fair fabric of fame, the Colonel had la-

boured so much to rear:—he, under

great agitation of mind, requested Mr.

Corfield to call at Rathbone Place, and

see whether Wright was disposed to

any terms of settlement, while he waited

at the corner of Percy-street. Accord-

ingly they walked thither, when Mr.

Corfield left him, during his visit to the

Plaintiff's house, who not being in the way, he had a conversation with his brother, Mr. Daniel Wright:

"I understand, Mr. Daniel Wright told Mr. Corfield that his brother had no wish to expose the Colonel's pecuniary situation to me, or himself—that all he looked to, was the payment of his bill, and that he did not wish to interfere in any way immediately distressing the pocket of Colonel Wardle—but, as it was a just demand, his brother would not be frightened out of his money—he then begged to refer him to Mr. Stokes, who, he was sure, would do

everything that was said and done. After some few miscellaneous observations, Mr. Corfield left Mr. Daniel Wright for his client, in Percy-street, London. He of course made acquainted with the particulars of his interview. This gentleman then waited upon Mr. Stokes, who refused to settle the business any other way than by the verdict of a jury, unless Colonel Wardle would allow his liability to perform the promise he made to Mr. Wright, leaving only the amount of the debt to arbitration. From Golden square, he accompanied Mr. Corfield to the fields adjacent to Weatherstone Place, where he waited,

an hour, while his Solicitor was employ-  
ing his best efforts with me, in the ser-  
vice of the Colonel.

At this time, the public prints had  
got hold of some of the leading cir-  
cumstances attending the suit, and  
Colonel Wardle was consequently  
placed in an awkward situation. If he  
settled the bill he feared it would be a  
tacit acknowledgement of his bribery  
to me, and therefore he pictured to  
himself all the frightful dangers atten-  
dant on the trial of the action. Under  
these agonizing sensations of his then  
present predicament, he asked Mr.

Corfield, as they passed through Bedford-square, to put him in the way of obtaining the *Chiltern Hundreds*, as he should dread to again face the *House of Commons*. Mr. Corfield told him, that the House would be most likely up before the trial came on, and that the succeeding Session of Parliament, could not take cognizance of the proceedings of the former; he, therefore, advised him not to be too hasty upon resigning his seat in the House, as accident and time might do much in his favour.

Raised again into hope, by the agree-

able consolation of his Solicitor, he determined to brave the storm till fresh difficulties crowded in upon him. His counsel asked questions which he never expected, and was therefore not prepared to meet; and thus each day encircled him with embarrassment. Mr. Corfield, at last, picked out of his client by stratagem, so much of his case; that is to say, he acquired such of the facts which had been at first studiously concealed, that were likely to prove fatal to his defence of the action. He had, however, a duty to perform to his client, and as he could not pay the money,

he had to meet the enemy with all the generalship in his power.

A day or two before the trial, Colonel Wardle wrote a paper of instructions to Mr. Corfield, which he *has now* IN HIS POSSESSION!

"If Mr. Daniel Wright should swear *so and so*, (then explaining particulars) be prepared for him, as he will prejure himself—and if Mrs. Clarke should swear *so and so*, she will also perjure herself."

When this paper was shewn to Mr. Serjeant Best, he very properly said, "Good God, how should Col. Wardle

KNOW ALL THIS, if he did not know that the reverse of SUCH SUPPOSED EVIDENCE is the TRUTH, and the truth of course, is *against him!*" Wise and honourable Col. Wardle!

When Mr. Corfield was about to draw his last brief (for I believe there were several) he requested Colonel Wardle to bring Major Dodd and all the persons concerned in the cause, that he might examine them upon the nature and extent of their respective testimony. But the Colonel objected to it, under some frivolous excuse, and the brief was drawn for the SOLE INSTRUCTIONS of the

defendant, who did not introduce him to Major Dodd and Mr. Glennie, till on the morning of the trial, at the King's Arms Coffee-House, near Westminster Hall.

As soon as the ceremony of the introduction was over, the Colonel then ventured to tell a little more of his case to Corfield;—he informed him for the first time, of his having taken me to the Martello Towers, and having given me *a sum of money, a fact, which he had before positively denied to him and his Counsel,* and which of course formed a *strong feature of the brief*.—Mr Corfield, as may

be supposed, was *greatly surprised* at this circumstance, and putting a few questions to Dodd, he soon found that their *cause was hopeless.*

The Major now expressed a wish that he might not be examined, but observed, that he was subpoenaed on my side, though he hoped the service was not legal, the subpoena had been given to him on a Sunday.

In order to secure Dodd from the danger of receiving *another subpoena*, till Mr. Corfield consulted Counsel upon the legality of the service, he, by the advice of Colonel Wardle, went to the Bridge-

street Tavern, and locked himself up. The Colonel and his solicitor then agreed, that if the Counsel were of opinion the service *was good*, Mr. C. would forward to him by M'Cullum, the following laconic note—"Yes, send him!" which accordingly was forwarded in a few minutes. The trial had now commenced, and in order to satisfy the impatience of his client, he communicated the heads of my evidence to him, to which he replied by note, through the medium of the messenger, that Dodd could not CONTRADICT ME, and after Mr. Corfield had shewn his note to Mr. Park, he went and consulted Colonel Wardle upon the

propriety of calling his witnesses, and the Colonel left it entirely to the discretion of his Counsel. If I have misstated any thing in which Mr. Corfield was concerned, he is able to *refute it and reduce* the value of my narrative, but I am sure he is too much a man of honour to advance a falsehood, and therefore, I think he *cannot deny these facts*.

If I were disposed to dilate upon the manner in which the Colonel defended this action, there is an ample space to exhibit him for the sport and derision of the public ; but I shall not trespass upon the time of my reader by travelling over

a beaten path, particularly as the subject came under my notice, in my Address to the people of the United Kingdom, as given in another part of this work, in answer to his Appeal to the Public.

It therefore will be sufficient for me to state here, that Mr. Wright obtained a verdict, leaving it to Mr. Lowten, to deduct from the bill of £1919 14 2, the £500, paid by the bill of Illingworth, the £200, for goods sent to Westborne-Place on hire, previous to Colonel War-  
dle's going to Mr. Wright; the coals, insurance, carpenters, painters, brick-  
layers, and ironmonger's bills, allowing  
R. 2.

only for the articles of upholstery, at the sum of £1095 8 5.

I do not mean to quarrel with the propriety of this decision, but I cannot forego the opportunity I now have of observing, that as Mr. Wright furnished the ironmongery, and paid for all the other things, at the request of Colonel Wardle, he ought not to have been a loser of the extra charge, merely because they were not articles out of his own warehouse.

Amidst all those curious acts which may have marked the Colonel's career

through life, and disturbed the tranquillity of his midnight repose; either in Ireland or England, none ever shook his peaceful slumbers so severely as the loss of his *Cause*, and its consequent exposure; and as it rendered sleep that night a stranger to his eye-lids, he rose in a violent rage from his downy pillow early the next morning, to dispatch his servant with a note to Mr. Corfield, requesting his immediate attendance and advice; who, anticipating his client's dreadful state of mind, hastened to him. When Mr. Corfield entered the room, he found the poor Patriot, with a newspaper in his hand, pacing his chamber

backwards and forwards, like a maniac, first throwing it down, then picking it up, and reading with violent emotion a few lines of the history of his own folly. After his Solicitor thought he had exhausted his paroxysm of rage, he endeavoured to soothe his agitation, when he again took up the paper, and casting his eye over the awful page, he burst out, "Here the b—h has perjured herself—here we have her!" then taking his pen, he underlined the words or passages, which, to his inflamed understanding, appeared to constitute perjury. On the supposed discovery of my having perjured myself, he, madman-like,

displayed all the transitions of insanity, and now amused Mr. Corfield by jumping round the room with expressions of joy! Mr. Corfield again entreated him to be calm, and taking the newspaper out of his hands, began, at his desire, to minute down what he was pleased to call perjuries, when the Colonel again jumped up, and said,—“ Corfield, I must do something to stop the peoples’ mouths;—take a sheet of paper, and write.” The Colonel then dictated several lines, read them, tore them in pieces—began again—was again dissatisfied; dictated a third and fourth time, and was not yet pleased. At last, Cor-

field drew up an address that met with his approbation, of which Mrs. Wardle made one copy, and Mr. C. the other, for immediate insertion in different papers; but he observed to the Colonel, that it would be prudent not to insinuate any thing to the prejudice of his Counsel, till he had seen the *slip* of paper he himself had sent into Court, which Mr. Corfield assured him, *forbad* Mr. Serjeant Best and Mr. Park, from calling Major Dodd as a witness, and he then left the mad Patriot for his own dwelling, in order to search for the slip of paper, the purport of which, the Colonel had either forgotten, or did not then

find it convenient to recollect. This slip of paper, I have understood, was never found, and I need not inform the reader, that the Colonel rashly carried his determination of publishing into effect, for, on the second day after the trial, he had the *courage*, or rather *madness*, to publish the following address :—

*To the People of the United Kingdom.*

“Honoured as my Parliamentary conduct has been by the approbation of so many of my countrymen, I feel myself called upon, in consequence of an event that yesterday took place, immediately to address you, and that in vindication of my

character, rendered open to attack from the verdict of the Jury, upon the evidence of Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Wright, the brother of the Upholsterer, in a cause in which I was defendant, in the Court of King's Bench. The detail of the evidence the public prints will afford. It is with me to state, that my Counsel, satisfied in their own minds, that the Jury would not, upon such testimony as had been given by the plaintiff's brother and Mrs. Clarke alone, find a verdict against me, did not comply with my earnest entreaty, (repeated to them in writing during the trial, in the strongest terms), that Major Dodd, Mr. Glennie, and other respectable witnesses, subpoenaed by the plaintiff and myself, might be examined, as I knew their testimony would be *founded*

*in truth*, and be in *direct contradiction* to what had been *sworn against me*. Under such circumstances, the verdict was obtained. There only remains for me now, BEFORE MY GOD and my Country, to declare, that it was obtained by *perjury alone*; and I do pledge myself to prove that fact, the earliest moment the forms of the law will allow me to do so. Anxiously, therefore, do I look forward to that period; and I trust that *till then*, the Public will *suspend their judgment* upon the case.

"With sentiments of the deepest *gratitude* and *respect*, I remain your ever faithfully devoted Servant,

"G. L. WARDLE.

"*James-street, July 4.*"

At first I thought of treating the  
 above stuff with contempt, but finding  
 that every species of villainy was em-  
 ployed to poison the public mind  
 against me, and the integrity of Mr.  
 Wright, I published the following Ad-  
 dress in the National Register, on the  
 10th of the same month:

MRS. CLARKE

*To the People of the United Kingdom:*

"Honoured as my testimony before  
 the House of Commons has been with the  
 confidence of the Country at large, and  
 sanctioned as my evidence has been in a re-  
 cent instance, by a Jury of my Countrymen,

I feel myself called upon, (after affording time for the most deliberate reflection), to address you, in consequence of a circumstance which has arisen out of the Cause, in which Mr. Wright, an Upholsterer, was plaintiff; Colonel Wardle, defendant; and Mr. Daniel Wright, brother of the plaintiff, and myself, were witnesses. In this Cause it is well known, that Colonel Wardle was cast, to the satisfaction of every honest tradesman, and indeed of every body in the Court. The detail of evidence the public prints will afford; as far as regards my testimony, these details are somewhat inaccurate, but they are sufficiently correct to have enabled the public to strengthen this verdict, with an almost universal approbation. Colonel Wardle, inflated by a popularity, the

extent of which was as unexpected as it will be found to have been undeserved, had vainly flattered himself, that this same popularity would protect him against the justice of his country; disappointed at the verdict, he has lost his prudence with his temper, and without giving himself time for reflection, has made an unusual Appeal to the People of the United Kingdom, against the Verdict of a Jury.

"As an excuse for this almost unprecedented circumstance, he has stated that his Counsel, notwithstanding his earnest entreaty, repeated to them in writing during the trial in the strongest terms, did not comply with his request to examine Major Dodd, Mr. Glennie, and others. However he may vapour about these witnesses out of Court,

even Colonel Wardle will hesitate, before he ventures to subject them to an examination upon oath, whilst the written documents exist which will inculpate more exalted persons, and shake the very foundations of his own ephemeral popularity. Colonel Wardle is not ignorant of the reasons which may have induced the suppression of the *written testimony* that would have undeniably corroborated my evidence; Colonel Wardle knows that Mr. Wright's servants, as well as others, can prove every syllable that I have sworn; Colonel Wardle has been too full of himself, and too imprudent not to have made many unnecessary confidants of his intentions and promises. I dare say the evidence of Major Dodd and Mr. Gwynne, would have been given if it had not been for the suppression of the written testimony. I dare say the evidence of Major Dodd and Mr. Gwynne, would have been given if it had not been for the suppression of the written testimony.

to have occasioned his determination not to  
 tell me any more of your affairs, and to shed of  
 himself every thing which was likely to do you  
 harm.

"Why! Colonel Wardle called the same  
 day after he had received the letter, and  
 I would not see him, being determined to  
 have no further communication with him  
 except in writing. — Colonel Wardle will re-  
 collect the conversation he had with my  
 servant, upon the subject of this letter, and  
 the appointment he made with her, to meet  
 him at seven o'clock that evening at the  
 chapel door. — Fortunately, I have a copy of  
 that letter,\* and so little am I disposed to  
 conceal any thing I may have either said or  
 written, that if this intimation does not com-  
 pel Colonel Wardle to do me the justice of

Colonel Wardle's interview with my servant

in regard to the letter of the 10th of this Volume. — A

giving this letter to the public, and no longer to shelter his unmanly insinuations, under the cloak of delicacy, I will myself publish it in the newspapers.

"It only remains for me to declare before God and my country, that the evidence I gave was strictly true, and that my intimacy with Colonel Wardle merely *related to my evidence and his promises*, most anxiously therefore do I look forward to the period when the futility of Colonel Wardle's attempts to prove the contrary to be the fact, *will recoil upon himself* and others, and only strengthen the claims which I have to the *public confidence in my veracity*. I trust that till then the public will suspend their judgment upon Colonel Wardle's *intemperate accusation*. Although it may not be equally proper in

me, as in Colonel Wardle, to state the GRATITUDE and RESPECT I feel for the PUBLIC APPROBATION, yet I hope it is not denied even unto me, to express the anguish of mind I should endure, if upon such an occasion, and in such a manner I had really deserved their DISAPPROBATION.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"With the greatest respect,

"M. A. CLARKE."

"Westborne Place, July 15, 1809."

Mr. Wright finding that every engine which party malice could bring into use, was at work to drown him in the pit of public censure, thought it necessary to submit his case to the town, but

as it is very long and now of no novelty to the public, I shall omit its insertion here, wishing to trespass on the patience of the reader as little as possible with old matter.

I entreat my reader to bear in mind, that my work opens with an account of Sir R. Phillips having been the means of exposing my plan of supposed concealment at Hampstead, or at least of giving Mr Gullom the clue, where there was a probability of hearing from me. I also wish it to be recollected that he is alluded to in Colonel Wardle's letter to the General and the Duke of York

\* See p. 141. Vol. I.

Mr. Glennie, and mentioned also by him to Wright at Westborne Place. In fact, there is good grounds for suspicion that he is privately entangled in all Wardle's political affairs.

The reader's remembrance of these facts will be necessary to the full development of his late *infamous conduct to me*—and though Sir Richard denies his having a knowledge of Colonel Wardle, so far back as the Investigation; there are many persons beside the Attorney-General who are satisfied that the Knight has a *very convenient memory*!

disorder to satisfy the reader that I  
have good reason to believe my state-  
ment is not erroneous, I will proceed a  
little upon this part of the subject.—  
Mr. Wright says, in his Address to the  
Public—

“After considering a little time, the Co-  
lonel said, ‘there is some little difficulty  
about giving this bill, Mr. Wright, because  
the business which is coming on before the  
House of Commons, which no doubt you  
have heard of, makes it a very delicate mat-  
ter for me to put my own hand to paper,  
because it may frustrate our purpose.’ The  
Colonel continued, ‘I will go down to Sir  
Richard Phillips to-morrow morning, and he

and she will give you their bills without my name appearing, and you may depend on hearing from me in the afternoon, or next day morning without fail."

At that time Sir R. Phillips was not known to Mr. Wright in any way whatever, and it is therefore not probable, that the name of a stranger should all at once come into the head of my Upholsterer, who has since assured me, that he scarcely knew there was such an amiable and patriotic creature in existence, as the bookseller of Bridge-street.

When Sir Richard read Mr. Wright's

Address, he thought it political to send the following letter to the *Morning Post*, for reasons I shall presently assign.

*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

"SIR,

"I feel it due to myself to notice the *unaccountable* introduction of my name into a report published in your Paper of yesterday, by Mr. Francis Wright, relative to his alleged conversations with Mr. Wardle. Never having *seen Mr. Wardle at the period alluded to*, nor held any communication with that gentleman, it must be evident that I could be *no party* with him in the *negotiation described by Mr. Wright*. Under the existing

circumstances, however, I feel it proper to declare, that I had not the slightest knowledge of any transaction between Mr. Wardle and Mr. Wright, till *I read* in the Newspapers the report of the late trial.

"As I am induced to make this statement solely from *respect to public opinion*, I am exceedingly anxious not to be considered as *insinuating any thing in spirit, or in terms*, to the PREJUDICE OF EITHER PARTY, with reference to the question in dispute.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,  
"Bridge-street, July 25. R. PHILLIPS."

Before I reflect on the sentiments of this letter, I must be allowed to bring a few facts under the eye of my reader,

which will show that I have not honour  
of the Knight with a man for this work  
undeservedly.

The reader is requested to keep in  
mind that M'Cullum came from Sir  
Richard Phillips to me in the month of  
November, 1903, consequently it will  
be difficult to make any one believe  
that Sir Richard would unnecessarily  
expose my place of seclusion without  
knowing something of the errand upon  
which he was sending M'Cullum, unless  
indeed the reader should be disposed to  
think, he had no feeling for the safety  
of an unprotected woman, who was

concealing himself, as he knew, from  
the fangs of the law, while Mrs. Childs  
protects it in a spirit of racial aid and  
sympathy. I am not disposed to attach much cre-  
dit to the tender feelings of the Knight,  
but in this case I verily believe he did  
not wish me arrested, and that he knew  
McCullum's motive for endeavouring to  
find me out. Though this may be con-  
sidered an unsupported opinion, I doubt  
not when I couple circumstances and  
facts together, the reader will not close  
this work a sceptic upon the subject.  
When Colonel Wardle mentioned

last name of Sir R. Phillips to Mr. Wright, at Westborne Place, and also in his letter to Glennie, in the latter part of December, I then had not applied to Sir Richard or any other person with respect to the publishing a book, not having thought of becoming an author till the latter end of February, as I have before assured the public.

This important fact will, therefore, shew, that Colonel Wardle must have had something more than a mere knowledge of Sir Richard, at this early period of our acquaintance, otherwise he never could have talked in that familiar way

of negotiating money matters with a perfect  
danger! In support of this position,

let us see what he says in his evidence  
in the Court of King's Bench on my  
trial for conspiracy:

On the Attorney-General asking, or  
rather leading the Colonel to the £500  
which Wright pressed him for, he gives  
the following evidence:—

Colonel Wardle:—“Either on that day or  
the day following, (for I had one or two  
applications pressed upon me), I said, ‘I  
could raise the money myself by application  
to a bookseller; who I said, my, would

---

\* See p. 27, of Tipper's edition of my Trial for Conspiracy.

advance to her, on the book that she was about to publish.

Q. "Then, you did not comply with the request so made?"

A. "I did not.

Q. "Had you a subsequent application of the same kind, made by Mrs. Clarke to you?"

A. "She pressed me very frequently on the same point.

Q. "In consequence of these frequent applications, what was done?"

A. "I at last spoke to Mr. Glennie, and asked him if he could assist her, I was aware he knew Sir Richard Phillips, and whether he

could procure a loan of £500 for Mrs. Clarke, upon her work."

Here the reader is able to see puss half out of the bag, by Colonel Wardie's confession of *Mr. Glennie being acquainted with Sir Richard Phillips*, and though I may get scratched in dragging old Tom quite before the public, I am determined to shew all his *black spots*, that he may be known by every one. If he should squeak before I get to the end of the tale, the reader will see the necessity of my pinching him very tightly, lest an animal of the tiger species should slip between my fingers, and thus the future peace

and happiness of many, again come within the reach of his deadly talons!

Having positively denied my having any book to sell at this time, I shall now proceed to convince the reader, that, if (as the Colonel says), I had wanted money on my book, I could have raised immediately, FIFTEEN HUNDRED, OR TWO THOUSAND POUNDS! Mr. Gillet, the printer, who, though not *exactly* in my *interest* now, from not printing and publishing this work with him, *will not*, I think, *venture to deny*, but that he would have advanced me the above sum on the book, which he afterwards

had of me to print; add thereto, if my book had then ~~is~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~existent~~ <sup>at the period</sup> to which Colonel Wardle alludes, I might have got any money I wanted on my own account.

Had my book then been ready to raise money upon, it was not likely *I should have pledged it* for the very persons who had undertaken to pay for my furniture, and for which they were then distressed to raise this five hundred pounds to satisfy Wright, as part of his bill. Where would have been ~~their~~ <sup>friendship</sup> to me, if after their promise and agreement to furnish my house, I

intelligent and bookish, and raised  
 money to pay their debts? But the fact  
 is, the virtuous patriot thought the book  
 would do as well as any thing else to  
 make a story about, and so he, fortu-  
 nately for me, caught at a rotten bough  
 to assist him over the Rubicon, in which  
 he had emerged with such vices upon  
 his head, that all the waters of the deep  
 can never wash away! In order to  
 convince the reader that my book had  
 nothing to do with the £500 they wanted  
 to raise through the bookseller, and  
 which sum they afterwards got of a  
 money-lender in Poland-street, who is  
 I repeat you nothing of business but  
 VOL. II.

much in the pecuniary secrets of Colonel Wardle :—I will go a little into the history of that work,

About the middle, or near the latter end of February, 1809, Major Dodd, Col. Wardle, and Mr. Glennie, suggested to me the *policy* of doing *every possible injury I could* to several of the first personages in the state. Accordingly Major Dodd began the work, in which I soon made great progress, through the zealous assistance of this party.

The reader will not, I am sure, feel surprised to hear that Sir Richard was re-

commended as being, what Wardle and Glennie called a dashing bookseller; accordingly I repaired to Bridge-street, to consult with the knight, who expressed a great desire to purchase of me the copy-right of the work—a fact, which he has since had the imprudence to deny in his affidavits, which will presently engross my attention.—Finding that he could not get my book into his own entire possession, he declined becoming the mere vender, but said, “There is a Mr. Gillet, who is about to become a publisher, in consequence of his having felt himself ill-treated by a bookseller, I believe of the name of Mawman, in

the Poultry, that will jump to begin business with your book, and I can assure you madam, he is an honest man, and will do you justice."—At this time, I believe, Mr. Gillet came in by accident, to whom I immediately promised the printing and publishing of the work. Mr. Gillet had not long been in possession of part of the manuscript, before he received orders for several thousand copies of the work, and I think he will not venture to deny what he has repeatedly told to others, namely, that the first edition, which contained ten or twelve thousand books, would not have supplied the public demand beyond a week.

I have thought myself justified in giving these facts to show, that if I had wanted £500 of Mr. Gillet, I could have got that, or a larger sum. Having come a little closer to the facts of the case, the reader must now be satisfied that I could not want money of Sir Richard, who had nothing further to do with my book, beyond that of being officious, and filling the papers with his love of notoriety!

As it was not likely I should attempt to raise money for persons who had affected to have the command of thou-

to reward me for my services,  
 Colonel Wardle's declaration about the  
 booksellers' supposed disposition and  
 ability of affording me pecuniary assist-  
 ance, must now go for very little with  
 those who will take the trouble to reflect  
 upon the subject.

The reader is now in possession of a  
 fact of Glennie's acquaintance with Sir  
 Richard, which goes a great way to  
 corroborate my declaration, that Col.  
 Wardle and the dashing bookseller,  
 privately understood each other before,  
 and during the investigation!

Before my application was made to Sir Richard, with respect to the suppression of my Memoirs, he introduced to me a Mr. Sullivan, of Maidstone, in Kent, who, I have understood, is a sort of hawker of books for him, and who, I since have been told, was suborned as a witness against me.

By the perusal of his first letter to me, it may be seen that Sir Richard was anxious to have the book out, and quite interested in the Wardle cause—I wish the reader to keep this circumstance in memory!

"MADAM," He said. "It appears to me, that it will be a fair price, for Mr. Sullivan to pay you four shillings and threepence per copy, for one thousand copies of the portrait and a *fac-simile*, with liberty to print as many books in Dublin.

"The Irish will not pay as high a price as the English, except for fifty or one hundred copies, and I conceive you will by this arrangement with Sullivan, *net more* than by *any other* means. If you sell two thousand in this manner, the Irish sale will put four hundred guineas into your pocket.

"I regret, on your account, to find that Gillet is not making a progress. The tide is now at the flood, and taken at this moment,

will lead to FORTUNE. At all times, delays are dangerous, and to enhance my string of proverbs, you should *strike* while the iron is hot. Ascribe this, prompting to the ZEAL, with which I am your friend.

" R. PHILLIPS

" Bridge-street,  
" March 24, 1809."

It is absolutely necessary for me to go a little farther with respect to the Memoirs which Mr. Gillet was printing, in order to explain my *slight* acquaintance with Sir Richard, and the political use he endeavoured to make of me!

Earl Moira, who has long been distinguished for all the great qualities,

that can dignify the head and heart of man, who felt anxious that those letters should not meet the public eye which were written in confidence, and perhaps at moments when the mind is not armed with prudence and philosophy. —His Lordship therefore expressed a wish to be able to restore them to the hands of the writer—and, if possible, to heal the wound which the Wardle party were endeavouring to keep open between me and my late Royal friend. Accordingly, a gentleman some time known to Earl Moira, undertook to find out the best channel by which he could bring about the object of his Lordship's

friendly disposition; and believing, that Sir R. Phillips (from the private report of the moment) had purchased my book, and for political reasons, got Mr. Gillet to become the publisher of it—he waited on the Knight, and cautiously led him to the subject of myself and the memoirs.

Sir Richard felt pleased at the introduction of a topic, which afforded an opportunity to talk of himself; he therefore joyfully entered upon a history of me and my book, and though he did not say it was his property, he insinuated that he had an influence over me, and the management of the publication. His

visitor was therefore induced to believe, that he had come to the proper person, with whom he might fairly go a little further into the subject, and he accordingly asked the knight, whether there was any probability of suppressing the work, if he carried into effect all the Duke's promises, besides advancing some ready money for my immediate exigencies. Sir Richard, after pausing a few minutes, said, he did not doubt but I should be satisfied with my annuity of four hundred a year, and about two or three thousand pounds to liquidate a variety of demands, that might, under such circumstances, be made on me.

It may here be necessary to shew, from the subsequent conduct of the Knight, that in consequence of this application, he instantly became alive to a new interest. He calculated upon the probability of my withdrawing my publication, which, if done through his influence and exertions, he might accomplish the possession of an additional honour, or some advantage, which Colonel Wardle could not bestow on him; and in a few hours after his letter to me, he became impressed with very loyal sentiments, as will be presently seen by his other affectionate epistles to

the woman, whom he has since endeavoured to swear into a *pillory* !!!

Having shewn how soon this patriotic bookseller could turn his coat, I shall proceed with my narrative:—

After a conversation of some length upon my affairs, the gentleman agreed (under an impression, that the Knight had power over my work, as he had professed) to give to me the above sum and secure the annuity, as had been before promised, when after an appointment to meet in the evening, he left him, in order to communicate to Earl Moira the result of his visit to Bridge-street.

Sir Richard, anxious to learn from whom his visitor came, dispatched one

of his servants, as he afterwards told me, for that purpose, by which means

he soon learnt that Earl Molra had handsomely interested himself, to prevent the publication of the Duke's letters.

Sir Richard now thought that he should carry every thing before him, and that he should be able, by the suavity of his manners;—the grace and irresistible powers of his address—and his method of conciliating an angry female, from his great knowledge of the human character, to carry his point with me, and thereby become something between a

Baronet and ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. He accordingly wrote to the Noble Earl, professing his influence over me, and tendering his good offices in the affair.

Not having received an immediate

answer to his letter, I understood he followed it by one or two more upon the subject, which Earl Moira thinking, I suppose, not a proper one for an epistolatory correspondence, did not answer.

When the same gentleman called in the evening, Sir Richard was gone to his brother-in-law, in St. Paul's Church-

said, whether he followed him, and as  
 the Knight did not like to act, without  
 the opinion of his relation, the negocia-  
 tor was obliged to submit, against his in-  
 clination, to the introduction of a third  
 person. Sir Richard then took upon him-  
 self to arrange the business, with as much  
 seriousness as if he had really possessed  
 a property in the book, or an influence  
 over me, neither of which was the case,  
 and objected to the sum of money  
 settled upon in the morning, but agreed  
 to close at the payment (I believe) of  
 four thousand pounds and the annuity,  
 which, as the negociator could not  
 make better terms, he agreed to give,

when the Knight made him commit the same to paper, in order to assure me of what he had accomplished for my welfare.

They now agreed to meet on the next forenoon, at a bookseller's in Bond-street, in order that Sir Richard should introduce him to me, but as I have been informed, the Knight did not keep his appointment, but went to Earl Moira, to get the business entirely into his own hands!

—The gentleman's patience being exhausted, he left Bond-street, and going towards St. James's Place, he met Phillips coming out of Earl Moira's house, boasting that he was allowed to enlarge the sum.

and accordingly they immediately drove to Westborne Place, when Sir Richard requested his companion to allow him a few minutes private conversation with me.—After Sir Richard had been with me about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, I felt anxious to see the *ostensible negotiator*, and he immediately came up, and when the business was canvassed, he found that Sir Richard had neither a property nor any kind of influence over the management of the Work. Thinking at this time that Wardle and his party would do all they had promised, and stimulated by one or the other of them to publish my book, I

treated the overture now made to me with neglect, and asserted in very strong terms to my visitors, that I should derive more advantage from publishing, than they offered for suppressing the work, which declaration will account for a very extraordinary letter I am about to introduce to the notice of the reader, which Sir Richard sent to me on the same evening, and in which, he calls his friend Wardle, a *Traitor !!!*

Before I come to this Letter, I must inform the reader that the gross and indelicate language of this vain man, so

disgusted me, that I made up my mind to get rid of him as fast as I could, but before he went, he tried to convince me of his ability for negotiating, and among a variety of his silly remarks, he said, that if he were sent to Paris as an Ambassador, he would not come away without *making a Peace*;—the gratification of this compliment to himself, I immediately destroyed, by observing, that I was sure he would not come away without *making a piece of work*! but as for conciliating nations or parties, his present conduct to me, proved his total want of every necessary requisite for such an office! If, however,

the Legislature should ever see the necessity of creating a new officer, and appointing a person to enforce the removal of putrid vegetables out of the public markets, in order to prevent epidemic diseases, I shall certainly recommend him as a most excellent *courtesy of cabbage!*

Sir Richard finding that no business was to be done, and his companion surprised that he had been deceived with respect to his professed influence at Westborne Place, they left me, and the Knight went down stairs first, his

---

THE KNIGHT'S USUAL FOOD.

friend asked permission to see me in the evening, which, as I gave my assent to, he came alone, when he apologized for the language of Sir Richard, and commenced a negotiation, with which Sir Richard had nothing further to do, and which he in the course of ten days completed to the satisfaction I believe of all parties, and then turned the agreement over to the professional gentlemen, appointed to carry it into legal effect.

In order that nothing should intervene and embarrass the negotiation, we agreed, that if Sir Richard forced himself upon me the next day, or at any

time, all that might be said should go for nothing—so determined was I not to commit my affairs with a person whose vanity induced him to publish every thing that had been entrusted to him, either in his counting house or the public prints!

I think the following letter will place his character beyond doubt or suspicion.

—No one, after reading it, will say “why I do not know; but I hardly think Sir Richard is so bad—I believe he is a *weak* man, but surely he is not quite so *dirty* as Mrs. Clarke says!”

Here the reader will see that he calls the very man a *traitor*, whose principles he admired, and with whom he was secretly acting, but forsook under the hopes of becoming at least a *Baronet*, he then abuses his friend, and tries to carry a point with me, to farther his own private views!

"DEAR MADAM,

"You are misled and infatuated! Let the friend you speak of, do for you that which I proposed, and then he will have a title to your confidence. I *dare* him to do it, and if he will, I will give him credit; he is otherwise a **TRAITOR** to your

~~welfare and interest.~~ It is romantic and  
 quixotic in the extreme to talk of the public!

I will not accept or make use of your negative, till I have seen you in the morning, I can make no further communication to the liberal and noble persons who have honoured me with their confidence.

" Grace and repentance, till I see you in the morning, and believe me till then, sincerely your friend,

" R. PHILLIPS.

" *Bridge-street,*  
 " *March 30, 1809.*"

Sir Richard says in this letter, that it is romantic and quixotic in the extreme

to talk of the public —Here we see a little into the private and real sentiments of a modern patriot, who affects to feel for the public misfortunes, but in his heart is a complete Coriolanus, without either his dignity, courage, or talents:—What! despise that very public, by whom he has been raised from a little English school-master at Leicester, to the Shrievalty of the first city in the world!—What, treat with contempt that *public*, to which he has been so often appealing for its admiration and good opinion, and for whom he wrote a book, to induce the people of England to believe, that he was a man of hu-

manity, and felt keenly for those suffer-  
ings, he had stood forward to redress!

Am I not dreaming when I say all  
this of the professed friend to the unfor-  
tunate débtor.—It surely cannot be the  
same Sir Richard of whom I am speak-  
ing—and if *dangerous hypocrisy* were not  
the common passion that animates a  
*patriot's* bosom, I would not believe my  
own eyes—but, alas! his letter is my  
evidence, and such evidence, that all  
the sophistry of Bridge-street cannot  
destroy!

The other part of his letter, where he

speaks of his communication to the liberal and noble persons who have honoured him with their confidence, has since made me laugh exceedingly, when I understood how little he had to do with Earl Moira upon the business, and that no other noble person ever saw him upon the subject; and prettily did he requite Earl Moira's confidence, by telling every person who called at his shop, all he knew of his embassy to me, in order to shew that he was a man of great consequence at the West end of the town—It may be necessary to observe, that neither the gentleman who came with Sir Richard nor myself, thought it pru-

dent to get rid of him abruptly, as he might make an ill-natured exposure of the affair, which could not be kept too private; therefore it was settled that he should see Sir Richard according to appointment, and come with him as before. Accordingly on the following day, he and the Knight came again, and, after much insipid remark, Sir R. expressed his surprise, that I would not accept his terms; he then made some gross reflections upon me and my children, which so affected my feelings, that I had no longer any patience to bear his nonsense, but sent him away with scarcely the semblance of civil contempt.

1020 001 18 1844 001 1844 001 1844

Finding that he stood no chance of accomplishing the object of his visit to me, he made up his mind to go with his companion to Earl Moira, and resign the business of his embassy, into which he had forced himself, for his own private views. This circumstance is confirmed by the last paragraph of his third letter, which I am about to present to the notice of my reader.

Earl Moira not being at home, Sir Richard wrote a letter to him, in which he gave up his part of the negociation, with some compliments to his companion; but as they were coming out of the house they met the Earl at the door,

in the act of bestowing his charity on the distresses of the poor. They then returned with him to his library, and Sir Richard took his final leave of the business. Though Sir Richard has related this affair differently, aye, and sworn to it, I am sure the reader will credit this account, when all the circumstances are within the knowledge of a nobleman, who can confirm my statement!

Now I beg to introduce to the reader's presence, not the stern moralist and patriot of Bridge-street, but Falstaff in love!!! whose affection was heightened in proportion to my scorn.

"DEAR MADAM,

" A day has passed without my seeing you !! This is something novel, after three days occupied so intirely in your society and service !

" I hope all is for the best, and that you are better informed than I am.—— I shall, however, never reproach myself for the advice I have given. The only subject that would vex me, would be any idea on your party, that I was not promoting that which I sincerely believe to be your interest, as well as that of the other parties.

" Mr. Gillet will do justice to my sentiments respecting you in the whole affair,

and will explain some matters which have appeared mysterious.

" I have washed my hands of the business, but still continue to interest myself in your welfare, and that of your children !"

" I am very truly, &c.

" R. P.

" *Bridge-street,*

" *April, 1809.*"

Who would suppose that after Sir Richard had taken leave of me in such affectionate terms, he would in a few months have gone about and endeavoured to suborn various persons to swear me into gaol, and perhaps a pillory ?—He, who closes his loving epistle

with these words—"but shall continue to interest myself in your welfare, and that of your children!" A swain so captivating as Sir Richard, certainly might be angry at my neglect, but neglect cannot warrant the line of conduct which has since marked every subsequent action of appointed Adonis.—That he who is considered a fond husband, and a fond father should wantonly try to separate and deprive an unprotected mother of the means of supporting her infant offspring, appears monstrous—but not more monstrous than true!—He too, who carries his domestic affection to such a romantic length, that I can scarcely take up a magazine, but I see

little children made God, and God  
made little children!!—in fact, his whole  
existence is nothing but a puff; and whe-  
ther his inflation be from vegetables or  
vanity, I will not venture to determine,  
but his ascension in life, like a balloon, is  
owing to the lightness of its air, and not  
its purity!

After this kind, loving, and friendly  
letter, I now beg leave to shew Sir Richard  
Phillips again in his democratic garment,  
which he had hung up to mildew upon his  
peg, M'Cullum, while he fancied a ray of  
royalty was playing about his head, like an  
April sun, that allures a man from his

home, to send him back cold, wet, and disappointed !

After the trial of Wright's action, in July last, Sir Richard publicly proclaimed his acquaintance with his old private friend, Colonel Wardle, who, for about a week, he called a traitor ; and then became as officious to suborn evidence, and collect information useful to his friend's cause, as he had been before to serve the other side of the question ! Accordingly, Sir Richard accompanied the Colonel to Hampstead, for the express purpose of seeing Mrs. Andrews, the person mentioned in the beginning of this work ; and as those persons are generally very civil who are in want of a

favor, they did this respectable woman the honor to ask her into the carriage, in order to see what could be made of any thing she might observe, in answer to their questions respecting the furnishing of my house at Westborne Place. Mrs. A. very honestly and very candidly told them, she knew nothing of the matter; and as she in no way served the interest of the Colonel, he did not include her among his ninety-four witnesses !

Sir Richard, not satisfied with the result of this interview, frequently waited on Mrs. Andrews, to induce her to get me up to Hampstead, that he might take me by surprize for some political purpose ! and

carried his politeness so far as to invite her to his house in London, a circumstance, that so great a man as the SHERIFF of London, would not have condescended to have done to a person in her station in life, if he had not then had the Colonel's cause sincerely at heart—I mean the same Colonel Wardle, whom he called a TRAITOR!

Sir Richard, zealous, though awkward in every thing he undertakes, did not like to relax his services for his dear Colonel, and accordingly set every engine to work, for my destruction. Amidst a variety of efforts to keep a little breath in the almost defunct God of the people, he had the impudence to write to Lord Folkstone, en-

treating him to turn his mind to the period when my house was furnished, and see whether he could recollect any of the private conversations, which had for their object the payment of my furniture, and by whom? as his Lordship's attention to this subject might be of infinite service to the Colonel's cause. On the receipt of this letter, Lord Folkstone brought it to me, and as the reader may suspect from the preceding pages, only laughed at the Knight as a busy, meddling knave!

Hearing that Sir Richard was moving heaven and earth to crush me, I expressed a wish to Mr. Ogilvie, late Army Agent of Argyle-street, that he would wait on him,

and endeavour to learn, if possible, his reason for becoming all at once an enemy to the person, whom he a short time before affected to *admire* and *respect*!—Agreeably to my desire, Mr. O. paid the Knight a visit, when he introduced my name as if by accident, and then observed, that he had heard of his having become a *violent opponent to me*; Sir Richard immediately called in two or three persons who happened to be in the shop, and entered into a long narrative of the commencement and termination of his acquaintance with me, and then observed—“*it was his wish, to let Colonel Wardle slip out of the disgrace as quiet as possible, and afterwards to compromise with*

of miscellaneous remark, Sir Richard commenced a violent *philippic* against the Duke of YORK and the government, for having published an official Army List, which had destroyed his established Work, and said, he believed they had done it out of spite to his political opinions. Mr. Ogilvie observed, that as far as he was capable of speaking upon the subject, he thought Sir Richard had greatly deceived himself. That he had always understood that the reason Government had for establishing an official Army List, arose from all former publications of that sort having been so very incorrect; and it was the continued complaints of the army that had given birth

to the measure of which he so much complained !

This explanation, however, did not appear satisfactory to Sir Richard, who continued to observe, that he thought otherwise, and if the *Ministers* would give him back the publication of that work (pray reader mark this), *he would always be their friend*;—and though he should regret to come forward against Mrs. Clarke, upon a point which Colonel Wardle had pounced upon in one of their conversations with respect to her furniture, he must do so, as he had committed himself with the Colonel;—however, said Sir Richard to Mr. Ogilvie, “ *If Ministers will give me back the Army*

*List, my evidence may perhaps be turned any way.*—I leave, Sir Richard to reflect upon this *fact*, which a *respectable man* is ready to support by *oath*!

I shall now proceed to consider Sir Richard's Affidavit, which, contrary to custom, (but not the custom of the Knight) was published in all the daily papers.—It is as complete a piece of perjury as ever insulted a British Court :

*Affidavit of Sir R. Phillips.*

“ Sir Richard Phillips, of Bridge-street, Blackfriars, in the City of London, Knight, maketh oath and saith, that on or about the 8TH DAY of March last, this Deponent was

applied to by Mrs. MARY ANNE CLARKE, of Westborne Place, Chelsea, in the County of Middlesex, to publish her Memoirs, and certain letters written to her by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, which publication THIS DEPONENT DECLINED TO ENGAGE IN. And this Deponent further saith, that in the latter end of the same month of March, this Deponent, under the *supposition* that HE *was the* PROPRIETOR of the said Book, WAS APPLIED TO BY THE EARL OF MOIRA, AND AT HIS REQUEST COMMENCED A NEGOCIATION WITH MRS. CLARKE FOR THE SUPPRESSION of the said Book about to be published by her as aforesaid. And this Deponent further saith, that in the COURSE OF THE TREATY for the publication of the said Book, the said MARY ANNE CLARKE ASSIGNED AS A REASON to this De-

ponent for MAKING THE MOST of the said PUBLICATION, that she had TWO THOUSAND POUNDS to pay to FRANCIS WRIGHT, the PLAINTIFF above named, for the furniture sent in by him to her house in Westborne Place aforesaid. And when this Deponent afterwards NEGOCIATED with the said MARY ANNE CLARKE for the SUPPRESSION of the said Book, the said MARY ANNE CLARKE stated, that a sum of money must be given her for the PAYMENT of her DEBTS; amongst the debts enumerated by her, she, the said MARY ANNE CLARKE, mentioned the *debt so due from her to the said Plaintiff as aforesaid.*"

First, he insinuates that he declined to publish my book, and so he did, but *only because I would not sell it to*

him; and though he declined becoming the mere vendor, *he made himself* as busy about it (as may be seen by his first letter) as if it belonged to him.

Secondly, he swears that *Earl Moira applied to him, and at his request he commenced a negociation* for the suppression of my book:—which the reader will see must be a gross perjury, as he *forced himself* upon that nobleman under *false pretences of influence over me* ! And when he comes to that part which says, *I wanted two thousand pounds to pay Mr. Francis*

Wright for my furniture, Sir Richard only *convinces* me that he is EQUAL TO ANY THING! and after this declaration, I should not be at all surprised to hear him swear that he was the GREAT MOGUL!

It is very odd that Earl Moira *is not acquainted with the latter part* of this affidavit, who knew *every thing* that was said in *my house during the negotiation*.—It is very strange that Sir Richard should only hear me make *such a declaration*, though I did not see *him alone at Westborne Place, except for ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour!*

It was very fortunate for Sir Richard that Earl Moira, who, I believe, heard his evidence *with astonishment*, was not examined on my trial, or the City of London would have been soon ashamed of ~~one~~ of its *annual honors* !

When Sir Richard gave his personal evidence in the Court of King's Bench, he again perjured himself in these words. In answer to the Counsel's question he says, " In the course of the conversation, she mentioned particularly her obligation to pay Wright for furniture, amounting to 2000*l.* and was therefore anxious to sell her Memoirs at the

highest price. *Some of these conversations were at his own house, some of them at Westborne-place."*

It is true that I endeavoured to get as much as I could for my Memoirs, but it *is not true* that Sir Richard *conversed with me*, upon the sale of the work, *at any other place than that of my own dwelling*, as his own letters and the preceding *remarks* will shew ; consequently his *declaration in the Court*, that " *Some of these conversations were at his own house,*" will prove false !

It will be unnecessary to prove the fallacy of this evidence by observing that I never offered to *sell my Memoirs*; and, after an application was made to me to suppress them, I never saw Sir Richard in *any* other house but my own.

If the reader will turn his mind over these facts, I am sure he will be satisfied that the Knight has not *sat in the Sheriff's box at the Old Bailey* for NOTHING! and instead of *wearing a sword by his side*, he ought to have worn a *straw* in his shoe!

As a recent trial in the Court of

Common Pleas is of much service to my opinion of Sir Richard Phillips, I have given it a place in this work, as published in an evening paper, "the Globe."

**" LAW INTELLIGENCE.**

**" COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, GUILDHALL, MAY 25.**

**" MARTIN AND CO. v. SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS.**

" This was an action brought by the holders against the Defendant, as acceptor of several Bills of Exchange, to the amount of 700*l*.

" The Plaintiffs are eminent bankers, the Defendant is Mr. Phillips, bookseller, late of St. Paul's Church-yard, but now of Bridge-street. It appeared on the statement of the case, and from the evidence, that the Bills of Exchange in question were drawn by Mr. Sul-

Avan, paper-maker and stationer, carrying on business in Cork, but resident, at their date, in London; and that the same were accepted by the Defendant, and afterwards indorsed by Mr. Atkins, of Finsbury-square. The Bills were dishonoured by Sir R. Phillips, the acceptor; and Sullivan, the drawer, became bankrupt. The Plaintiffs, of course, pressed the Defendant for payment; but he resisted, on the ground that the Bills were drawn upon Irish, not English stamps, and consequently were illegal securities. This fact, evident on the face of the Bills, was admitted by the Plaintiff; but it was sworn by Mr. Thompson, a clerk of Sir Richard Phillips, that the Knight was present when the Bills were drawn in London.

“The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE admitted that the law was with the Defendant, while he reprobated the *defence as dishonest and dishonourable*. The Counsel for the Plaintiffs acquiesced in the

doctrine laid down by his Lordship, and *consolated themselves for their defeat, as the action had imposed the Defendant, and shewn him in his TRUE COLOURS.*—Verdict for the Defendant.”

The reader will be pleased to recollect, that the dates of Sir Richard's letters are long after Illingworth's bill, January 2, 1809, which follows the letter from Colonel Wardle to Mr. Glennie in December; I therefore hope I have shewn *very clearly* that my book could *have nothing* to do with the 500*l.* which the Colonel was to raise for me through Sir Richard, as he promised to Mr. Wright at Westbourne-place, and *which fact* Sir Richard afterwards de-

ies in his letter to the Editor of the  
 "Morning Post."

That link of circumstances which I  
 have given will, I trust, throw a *new*  
*light* upon the characters and views of  
 those men who may be *patriots with a*  
*deceived and infatuated party*, but are  
 only *impostors* when the veil is rent  
 from off their guilty heads !

Some short time previous to any ap-  
 plication being made to Sir Richard with  
 respect to the suppression of my Memoirs,  
 he introduced to me Mr. Waithman,  
 the patriotic linen-draper, who expressed

laugh at the *crackers* and *quibs* that may  
be thrown at me from Bridge Street.

Sacred History somewhere says, that  
“the L - - d *chastiseth* those whom he  
Loveth;” but though I am not *interested*  
by the same motive of *affection* for Sir  
Richard Phillips, I have, notwithstand-  
ing, bestowed a little wholesome cor-  
rection on him, which I hope will *work*  
some good in the *habits* of his mind  
before he goes on an embassy to Paris;  
receives the honour of *Baronet*, which  
he told me, and others he expected; or  
becomes president of a republican *direc-*  
*tory*, if the people of England should

be so *insane* as to act upon the *doctrines* of men who ought to *reform themselves* before they rise, *Phoenix-like*, out of the ashes of **ROYALTY!**

I thought I had *taken my leave* of Mr. Illingworth; but the following note will confirm my statement in page 155 of the first volume, where I inform the reader that this wine merchant was to send me in a few dozen of wine to *disguise* the money transaction between Wright and Wardle. I am now happy that I am *enabled to support that position* by the receipt of this document.

" MRS. CLARKE, PUTNEY.

" Mr. Illingworth's compliments to Mrs. Clarke, has inclosed her bill for wine, the amount of which he will be much obliged to her for.

" *Pall Mall, May:4.*"

83.]

Mrs. Clarke      To R. S. Illingworth.

1809. Feb. 23.	3 doz. Port wine	----	56s	8	8	0
	3 doz. Madeira	----	5 gs.	15	15	0
	Bottles	-----		1	1	0
April 7.	1 doz. Port wine	-----		2	16	0
						<hr/>
						28 0 0

I hope Mr. Illingworth will *proceed* against me immediately for the amount of his bill, and then I will bring Major Dodd, Colonel Wardle, and Mr. Glennie again into Court, where I may have the pleasure of seeing *them expose themselves*, and practise *perjury*!

This is all the notice I mean to take  
 of the WINE, which Colonel Wardle and  
 his party consumed in drinking *destruc-*  
*tion* to the Duke of York and the  
 \* \* \* \* \*

In a note \* to the first part of this  
 work, I promised the reader some ac-  
 count of his partnership with Mr.  
 Scott, the army clothier, of Cannon  
 Row, Westminster; I therefore now  
 take the liberty of fulfilling that pro-  
 mise. The manufactory in which  
 Wardle has a concern is at *Tre Madock*

---

\* See page 18, Vol. I.

in Caernarvonshire, which is under the management of a person by the name of Barnet, and where the wool is prepared, and *great coats manufactured for the army.*

My only motive for going into this subject is to shew that the Colonel employed his *patriotic speech*, in which he proposed to save the nation ELEVEN MILLIONS a year, for the purpose of becoming *army clothier to Government*; and, by reference to his first speech, it may be seen that he *recommends* his own articles, by the character he gives Mr. Scott, his PARTNER !!!

# “ ARMY CLOTHING.

“ Colonel Wardle rose to call the attention of the House to the prodigal expenditure of the public money in the present system of clothing the army with great coats. The War Office, instead of acting on the principle of open contract, as recommended and ordered by the Treasury, persisted in private contracts; and the consequence was, that, though a great reduction had taken place in the materials of great coats, no reduction had taken place in the price.

“ In the year 1803, the Secretary at War (Mr. Yorke) consented to pay at the rate of 16s 6d for each great coat, but stipulated that a reduction should take place if the price of kersey should fall. Kersey was then at 4s 6d a yard, and since continued to fall till it came down to 3s 6d; but no reduction was made in the contracts till the present year, nor would any have

then been made, if it had not been for the continued offers forced on the War Office to furnish great coats at a less price than was actually paid. He made a variety of calculations on the prices at different periods, from which he assured there was a loss to the public of 23,000*l*; he adverted particularly to a tender made by Messrs. Scott, eminent army clothiers, to furnish these coats in 1806 at 14*s* 9*d*, which would afford a saving of 21,000*l* on every delivery. Not getting any answer, Messrs. Scott looked for a share in the contract as made by the War Office; they obtained it, and paid at the rate of 16*s* 6*d*. This was an answer to any objection that could be made on the ground of supposed inferiority in Messrs. Scott's clothing."\*

I need not trespass on the patience

---

\* See "The Patriot's Looking Glass," which gives the whole of his speech on saving the nation eleven millions a year! with Mr. Huskisson's reply to it.

of the reader by pursuing this speculator in wool with such reflections as must suggest themselves to any one, from his having agitated the *public mind* and *trifled* with the House of Commons *merely* to become a *Government* TAYLOR !!!

If the reader will look over a Mr. Farquharson's pamphlet, he may be soon satisfied that the Colonel has been *dabbling* in other speculations. With him, it appears, he had a concern in a *Gin Distillery* in the Island of Jersey, and had great difficulty of melting the Colonel's thousand pound bond into

cash, though the Colonel was intimate with Jew King, of whom, as I before observed, I should again speak.

When Jew King felt himself in any way neglected, he used to write some of the most extraordinary letters that one man could possibly send to another; and, in one of his irritable moments, he wrote a letter to the following effect, which is now in the possession of *Mr. Corfield*.

"SIR,  
 "Remember it was I who first brought you into notice; it was I, who obliged you, by setting the people against the Duke of York;

it was I who gave you a consequence in the city through my paper ; it was I that raised you to your present glory : and remember, if you are *ungrateful*, much is within my power towards your ruin, &c.

“ J. KING.”

Of what consequence must that man be to the *happiness* and *liberty* of a country whose *character* depends on the *good word* of Mr. Jew King ! is a problem not difficult of solution !

Within these few years much uneasiness and jealousy existed among those gentlemen of the Duke of Kent's establishment with respect to pamphlets that contained circumstances which no

one could have known but those immediately about his royal person, and in his confidence ; till it was *discovered* that Major Dodd was the *intimate friend and companion* of Mr. Thos. Hague, who is the literary *organ* of this party !!!

In another part of this work I introduced Dr. Metcalfe to the notice of the reader, with a promise of again making him the subject of remark. The Doctor is a very clever and a very worthy man ; but, unfortunately, in indigent circumstances. His abilities and uniform correct conduct gave him

a place at my table for several years, *by which means he mingled with the Wardle parties* during the whole of our *acquaintance*. In the course of a short time the Doctor became *entangled* in all their secrets, and heard almost all Major Dodd and the Colonel's conversation with respect to the Duke of Kent's being the *parent* of the *measure* which these agents were to carry into execution.

As every thing depended upon the Doctor's honor as to the *secrecy* of their proceedings, which they made him promise most solemnly to *keep inviolable*,

they, in return for his *friendship* and *fidelity*, faithfully promised to give to him a *lucrative* situation in the government when the Duke of Kent became Commander in Chief of the Army !

As soon, however, as the investigation was over, and I would not *lend myself to other measures*, they *cut* the poor Doctor, and *rewarded* him as they did me ; which accounts for the following letter he sent to Major Dodd, and which no man *could* or would have written but under the circumstances related.

" April 15th, 1809.

" My dear Sir,

" I believe you are perfectly aware that the whole of the circumstances which related to the Duke of Kent, and his wishes, as to the result of the late inquiry, are known to me; and I believe I am perfectly correct in stating that the above communication was made to me by Mrs. Clarke, the day previous to that on which I had the honour of being introduced to you. Well knowing the consequence attaching to ~~SECRET~~ in an affair of this nature, I was true to my trust, and never divulged an atom of the whole to any one breathing, though strongly urged from a certain quarter to explain the ~~MOTIVES~~ which the honorable mover had for his ~~ANXIETY~~ in ~~PRESSING~~ the inquiry.

" I have, during the investigation, had it more than once intimated to me, that it was

intended I should have a provision under government. From the silence lately observed by all parties on that subject, I am either to suppose that the intimation made to me was a matter in *nubibus*, or that Mrs. Clarke's claims are so very urgent and extensive, that a figure so small as I am, may very safely be lodged on the shelf. How far a decision like this may be deemed liberal, supposing the latter to be the case, and all circumstances considered, I shall submit to your candour: I have, however, so high an opinion of Major Dodd, that I will hope better things, and I will still flatter myself that the commencing reformation shall not be marked by suffering a man of a high integrity, and abilities not contemptible, to sink for want of being properly supported.

"I wish not to dictate either the *quantum* of the provision, or the situation where, so that it be confined to the Islands for sixty-six

is a period too late in life for traversing the ocean.

"With the highest respect, regard, and esteem, I have the honour to remain, your much obliged, sincerely devoted humble servant,

(Signed) "THOS. METCALFE.

"*To Major Dodd.*"

I do not see the necessity of making any remarks upon the above, further than to observe that it *strongly* supports every part of my narrative.

A few days after my trial for conspiracy, I received the following from the same worthy gentleman, which, as

it appears to say so much to my *harm*  
*hose*, I shall leave it without *illustration*.

"Birmingham, Dec. 14, 1809.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Great God be thanked for the triumph you have obtained over Messrs. DODD, WARDLE, and GLENNIE. The result of the trial proves the advice I gave you to be good. Had I appeared as evidence on the trial, you now see the use they would have made of the circumstances : they would have done all they could to have made me the instrument of lugging the DUKE OF KENT INTO THE SCRAPE HEAD AND SHOULDERS. I am glad to find that his Royal Highness has dismissed Dodd, and turned Glennie out of his office ; and I hope when next his Royal Highness ENTERS INTO CONFIDENCE AGAIN, HE WILL NOT REPOSE IT IN THE BOSOM OF KNAVES OR FOOLS. WARDLE MAY

NOW GIVE OVER HIS APPEALS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, FOR THEY WILL NO LONGER BE DUPED BY SUCH *soi-disant* Patriots. I will now tell you in the fulness of confidential friendship, that had I imprudently complied with your solicitations, and given THE WHOLE OF THE CONVERSATION which I more than ONCE OVERHEARD, IT MIGHT ONE DAY OR OTHER HAVE SO FAR HURT THE CREDIT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WITH THE PEOPLE as to have ENDANGERED THE PEACE OF THE KINGDOM. I knew the danger, you did not; therefore I advised you *as I did*, and acted accordingly.

"The maid servant has just brought me word that my wife has breathed her last. God Almighty receive her; her troubles are over: would to Heaven that mine were also finished!

Cc3

Remember me to the dear children, to  
 Capt. Thompson, and also to good Mrs.  
 Favery.

"I am, and ever shall be,

"Truly, faithfully, and devotedly,"

"Your unalterable Friend,

"J. METCALFE, M. D."

Since I have been writing this last  
 volume, I have heard that Major Dodd  
 should say that the Duke of Kent felt  
*his security* in my *not having* any of  
*his letters* in my possession.

The Duke of Kent is not the *only*  
*one* who has deceived himself upon a  
*fancied security*; but as this *just but*

*bold publication* may induce some individuals to court a *further exposure of themselves*, by again placing me before a *British jury*, I feel justified in keeping some part of my case in *reserve* for *my own safety* !

However, in confirmation of my statement in page 81, vol. I. where I speak of reading the Duke of Kent's letters to Major Dodd, in which I am encouraged to stand up AGAINST his own brother, I will again introduce to the notice of my readers, Mr. Ogilvie, who happened to be in my back draw-

ing room one morning at the beginning of the investigation, when Major Dodd came up in great haste, with one of the Duke's letters in his hand; and as soon as he entered the front room he read, in a *high and exulting tone of voice*, his royal master's *sentiments, with respect to my future reward* for the services before related. The whole thing was *instantaneously done*; and as soon as he understood that Mr. Ogilvie was in the back room, the folding doors of which being half open, he felt much embarrassed, and immediately put the letter in his pocket!

Very a word I remember (16 10)

As Mr. Waithman, the linen-draper, is a *very noisy* patriot, and always talking about something or the other he does not very well understand, and meddling in all the affairs of his neighbours, he appears fair game for me to shoot at, particularly as he has taken such an *active part* against me. If this *chattering black-bird* were to die, the Council-chamber at Guildhall would be like a *rookery* deserted, where a *senseless noise had too long disturbed* the whole neighbourhood, while he and his *black brethren* were breeding mischief !

Of Mr. Waithman I know a *great*

*deal*, but nothing to claim either my admiration or respect, as he is something like Phillips and the common description of *liberty boys*, who in their own dwellings are perfect tyrants; which confirms me in opinion, that *modern patriotism and tyranny are synonymous terms.*

When I was first introduced to Mr. Waithman through the immaculate bookseller, he was very anxious for me to *assail* most of the high personages about the court, and he wished me very much to *attack his Majesty from his information*; but I gave him the

same answer I had given to Mr. Glen-  
 nie, that I felt no inclination to be a  
 republican *blunderbuss* to fire out the  
 party malice of any *disappointed poli-  
 tician*!—Mr. Waithman will under-  
 stand me, I am sure. This intended  
 attack on an *aged* and good King, I  
 assure the public, so much *disgusted*  
 me, that I have ever since considered  
 Mr. Waithman a *very dirty character*\* !

---

\* In confirmation of this opinion, read the following ex-  
 tract from "THE TIMES" Newspaper for July 6, 1798.

" STAMFORD v. BRISTOW.

" This is a very serious case, and deserves the best at-  
 tention of the public. It was an action brought by the  
 Plaintiff, Ambrose Stamford, against the Defendant for a  
 libel, in consequence of which he was prevented from  
 marrying a young lady of the name of Miss Curtis, who  
 had a good fortune. The circumstances were these :

" The Defendant, Mr. Bristow, is in partnership with

But he is a patriot, and therefore he must be spotless as the times go!

---

Mr. Waithman; they are linen-drapers, at the corner of Bridge-street and Fleet-street. The Plaintiff is the son of a most respectable man in Cambridgeshire, and, after having been a year in the service of the Defendants, during which time he conducted himself with great propriety, Mr. Waithman put him into a house of his in Holborn, which had been formerly in the occupation of a Mr. Price. Mr. Stamford purchased the goods that were in that house; he was a very young man, and just entering into life. In 1797 Mr. Bristow married a lady from Leicestershire, and when she came to town, she invited a Miss Curtis, the daughter of a most respectable man in that part of the country, to accompany her to London, and remain with her in town for some time. Mr. Stamford was shopman to the Defendants while she was in the house, and they gradually formed an attachment to one another. At last, the parents on both sides were informed of this attachment, and gave their consent. The Plaintiff went to the house in Holborn, that he might be in a situation to support the young lady, and some time in February last was appointed for the marriage. When the Defendant was informed of that circumstance, he wrote a letter to the young lady's father, in which he stated the conduct of the young man (the Plaintiff) had been as gross and scandalous as that of any young man of the most loose and dissipated

Waithman, like all these kind of  
*violent reformers*, is not very particular

---

character, being from home almost every day in the week—leaving his business for strangers to manage—coming home at all hours of the night, and sometimes not at all—contracting the itch—and he had good authority for saying, that at the same time he had the b—d disease, (a part of his letter was doubtful in its meaning, but Lord Kenyon was of opinion that the meaning was, that the same disease had been communicated to the maid-servant.) His house, the letter stated, was considered by his neighbours as a nuisance, disturbing them by the noise he made in the night: he said these were facts, which every one of them could substantiate. The lady's father, on receiving this letter, withdrew his consent to the marriage, and said that a man with such a character should never marry his daughter.

" Mr. Law, on the part of the Plaintiff, contended that this letter was written by the Defendant for the express purpose of ruining a young man and of blasting all his hopes, when just entering into life, and that the facts which were stated in it were wholly unfounded. He called a number of witnesses, who, by their evidence, negatived the facts stated in that letter.

" On the part of the Defendant, Mr. Erskine contended, that it was a confidential letter which was written by the

about one of the *necessary qualities*  
of an orator, as long as he can give

---

Defendant, *bonâ fide*, to the young lady's father, when he heard of the marriage-day being appointed. The Defendant had formerly given the Plaintiff an excellent character, which might have induced Miss Curtis to consent to the marriage, and as the Plaintiff had altered his conduct, and not behaved himself as formerly, the Defendant thought it his duty, as an honest man, to state the facts which he did in that letter. This compelled Mr. Erskine to attempt to prove the justification that was put on the record; it compelled the Defendant to prove the truth of those facts which he stated in his letter.

"A number of witnesses were called for this purpose, and, first, Mr. Waithman, who by his evidence tried to shew, that the Plaintiff had misconducted himself so long ago as October last; when Mr. Law produced a letter of his (Waithman's) dated January 1, 1798, in which he stated that the Plaintiff had been guilty of no serious indiscretions which were not common to all other young men. He positively swore, that his Partner, Mr. Bristow, had wrote that letter by his advice and direction; and that he thought it his duty, as an honest man, to write it. The Defendant was in such distress for proof, that he was driven to call the Plaintiff's name-plate, when, in

effect to his *muslin effusions* in the  
Common Council. I will instance a

---

his letter to Mr. Curtis, he had described to be in a constant state of inebriety.

"After a most eloquent reply from Mr. Law,

"Lord Kenyon, in an admirable summing up to the jury, told them this was a very serious case. It was the case of a young man just entering into life, who complained to them in the very dawning of his age, when he was about to be launched out into the world, and to become the head and father of a family; that in consequence of the letter that had been written by the Defendant, particularly Mr. Waithman, *his Lordship said,* 'After what he had heard him swear that day, he was a man on whose testimony he did not choose to pin his faith. This young man was now in jail, and his Lordship hoped the jury, by their verdict, would unbar the prison doors, and set him again at liberty.'

"Verdict for Plaintiff 750L.

*Copy of an Advertisement in Front of "THE MORNING CHRONICLE," for July 13, 1798.*

"STAMFORD v. BRISTOW.

"The Public are most earnestly requested to suspend their judgment upon the above cause, through which my character has been most cruelly and falsely attacked, and my conduct grossly misrepresented in the public prints,

circumstance where he, most likely, thought truth the least important ornament of his speech!

In one of his *thundering* speeches, he informed his auditory that I had

---

*which I can no otherwise account for, than from motives of political resentment.*

"I pledge myself shortly to lay before the Public a true and correct statement of the whole case, by which it will appear to the most perfect conviction of every impartial person, that not the slightest imputation can be fixed on any part of my conduct, but that, on the contrary, I have acted as every honest, conscientious man, must have done under similar circumstances. I am under the painful necessity of withholding this vindication of my conduct for the present, it not being yet determined whether an application will not be made to the Court for a new trial.

" ROB. WAITHMAN.

" *Bridge Street, July 12.*"

QUERY,—Has this "true and correct statement" ever appeared?

June the Fourth, 1810!

told him, or some one else, that Mr. Mellish *had applied* to me for a *baronetcy*, which I here beg to assure the public is no more nor less than a gross FALSEHOOD ! Mr. Mellish's interest must be very bad with government if he could not obtain such a *paltry acquisition* without asking me to beg a new name for him ! He who is ashamed of his own *may* have a good reason for *any addition or alteration* ; which indeed is the only excuse I have for Sir Richard Phillips's *attachment* to a baronetcy !

I will do Mr. Mellish the credit to

D.d. 3

believe that neither his family nor  
himself have given him cause to stand  
out under the emblazonment of  
the other!

When I make these reflections, I do  
not wish it to be understood that I mean  
to cast any unbecoming reflections  
on those numerous persons whose public  
services have entitled them to this ho-  
nourable acknowledgment of their coun-  
try's approbation. It is like a Roman  
reward, no expence to the government,  
and very FLATTERING!

My information to Mr. Waithman

was this, that Mr. Shaw, who had been very serviceable to Mr. Pitt, was promised by him some little plaything of this kind, which he has since got in the title of Sir James Shaw: but I think it my duty to declare, in justice to Sir James, that I had nothing to do with this *light affair*, and therefore Mr. Waithman evidently told this *falsehood*, with an intention of being personal, for which Mr. Mellish will be justified, when opportunity serves, in taking a shot at the *black game* of the City rookery!

Mr. Timothy Brown constitutes a



321  
into circulation. Mr. Ellis, assisted by  
Mr. Brown, began to probe him upon  
all the *private conversations* he had  
with me, either as to the payment of my  
furniture, or any thing that they *thought*  
would help the prosecution.

Gillet very justly said he knew no-  
thing of my *pecuniary* transactions,  
and therefore could not be of any ser-  
vice to them. Mr. Ellis then boasted  
of having quite *sufficient* evidence to  
convict the defendants, though he  
thought it advisable to obtain all he  
could. Ellis now thought to play off  
a *little* terror over Gillet, by observing

that he had instructions to bring an action against him for publishing the pamphlet called the "Rival Impos-  
tors," unless he gave up the author, though this person must at *that time* have known that Mr. Manners was its notorious parent !

In consequence of Mr. Cobbett having taken such a decided part against me lately, I think it but fair to return him thanks for his *liberality* and *independence* ; two qualities in a political writer that deserve my *admiration* and *esteem*, from the difficulty of meeting with them at *any time*, and particularly at the present day.

When I was the great key-stone that held the arch upon which the *fabric* of Colonel Wardle's fame ENTIRELY RESTED, Mr. Cobbett said mighty pretty things with respect to me ; but now the *villany* of his friend has *loosened its security*, and I have let him into a gulph of deserved public odium, *he*, to support his *favourite theme*, for *private reasons*, has discovered, all at once, that I am a very infamous woman, in whom there is no truth to be found !

Nature has bestowed on the human mind an amiable kind of weakness, which frequently induces an author to

yet more soft to give

believe that his sentiments, though as changeable as the weathercock, are never observed ; and that his reader has a *happy stupidity* of not finding out when the *vane was* in the *west*, and when it is in the *north* ! This *changeability* in Mr. Cobbett, whose abilities I admire, obliges me to open the secrets of the prison-house, and shew that the *intellect of even clever men is heavily fettered, and quite the slave to accidental circumstances* ; which strengthens the philosopher's *position*, that there is but *little* difference between the *enlightened* and *ignorant* man, all being alike characterised by imperfection !

During the investigation, Lord Falkston brought Mr Cobbett to Westbromplace, who was pleased to say a number of civil things to me (all of which were very opposite to his late public sentiments); and observed, with much warmth of feeling, that the only thing he was angry at, was, that I should ever have lived with such a man as the Duke of York. As I knew the cause of this remark, I instantly checked the exhibition of his malice, by observing that, though I had been drawn into measures of hostility against my late friend, yet still he was a gentleman and a prince, who was adorned by many ex-

cellent qualities ; and therefore I begged to assure him that he would not raise himself in my opinion by any personal reflections on the Duke of York, which I *knew* arose from his having been once disappointed at not dining with his Royal Highness at my table, after the party was fixed.

That the reader may enter completely into the cause of Mr. Cobbett's dislike to that Prince, and his motives for having become his *determined* foe, I must be allowed to relate the circumstances. Accident, I believe, suggested a political party at my house; accordingly

Mr. Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett received cards of invitation, and were, as they expected, to have dined in company with the Duke of York. Within a few days of the dinner, the Duke informed me, in the most delicate manner, that he had not the least objection to dine with these gentlemen as private individuals; yet, as their hostility was so obvious to the government, it would not be prudent for him to be present. I felt the propriety of the Duke's excuse, which arose from no *personal dislike*, and consequently put the party off. A gentleman who was to have been of the party afterwards

told me of *Cobbett's* anger at being disappointed, and assured me that he would not forget the *insult*; which time has proved he *has not*, from the *unmerciful manner* with which he has followed the object of his malice. An explanation of this fact took place before Lord Folkston, who, I think, is *too much* the man of honor to deny it now, from motives of policy, though Mr. Cobbett may *not like* to acknowledge the *truth* of this statement !

If Mr. Cobbett should feel hurt at the introduction of this anecdote, he has the gratification of knowing that

an *injured* female is at the *mercy* of his pen, which has already consumed a great deal of gall upon her, whom he *could* once come to *praise* and *admire* when *she was in the service* of a certain CAUSE !

As Mr. Croker took a great interest in my concerns when I was examined in the House of Commons, it would be unkind of me to forget him—and to forget a friend, is a sin against the commandment, which I am not disposed to commit ; I will, therefore, just convince the public of the great *acquisition* which the government is in

possession, in the person of this distinguished lawyer and politician !

Stimulated to learn something of this ludicrous Irishman, who did those dirty kind of things to *injure me*, which no gentleman would have lent himself to ; I obtained, through a pretty good medium, the following whimsical history of my friend *Alley Coker* !

Perhaps the pen of the biographer cannot relate a more honorable incident of a man's life than that of his having raised himself from an humble station in life to a place of public trust and ho-

not; but if, ascending the rugged hill of prosperity, he *wantonly* tarnishes that character which ought to accompany the footsteps of every man who pursues the path of honor, and *descends* to those little offices of becoming, like many of his countrymen, a *watchman*, and, instead of keeping the peace, rudely attacks a person *whose sex* ought to have protected her from insult, I doubt not but the reader will think with me that I am justified in shewing who he was, as an *excuse* for my not presenting a gentleman to the notice of the reader.

My friend Alley-Crocker is a native

of Tolewood, in the county of Cork, and is said to be the son of an obscure person who was in some very humble station under the Earl of Shannon, and employed in collecting that very *odious Irish tax of the hearth money* ! I have considered it proper to be correct in this particular, lest in future times the same controversy may arise about the birth-place of this hero, which occupied the learned world respecting that of Homer ; Mr. Croker being a poet as well as a *lawyer and statesman*.

It is supposed that he was educated at one of those charity schools im-

mediately under the patronage of the Earl, which it appears he left at a very early age, as he assisted his father in collecting the tax which is held in such abhorrence by the poor people of Ireland. With ink-horn at his button-hole, and tax-book in his hand, his person was as alarming to the poor as a village ghost, or a hawk to a hen and chickens ! Young Croker was considered a sharp lad, for discovering the concealed furniture of those defaulters whose *miserable sticks* it was his business to seize for certain arrears in the payment of the tax.

Every caution that these poor creatures

used to conceal their *pots*, *kettles*, and *pans*, from the fangs of the greedy little tax-gatherer proved ineffectual, as in this particular he was remarkably *clever*, and much *distinguished* in the village for his ability in the art of pouncing upon his prey ! It is said that he carried his professional *jokes* so far, that scarcely a little brother urchin could spin his top in safety, or roll his marbles on the ground, without shortly afterwards hearing them *roll about* his pocket, from the *attachment* he had to the *duties* of his office ! whence he derived the name of *Alley Snatchdumh !*

As he advanced in life, his father,

through the same patronage, obtained a more lucrative situation, which enabled him to indulge better prospects of his future life, and, after a few years necessary study, he went to the Irish Bar ; but finding that the law did not *shed any lustre* upon his professional pursuits, or he any *lustre* upon the law, he determined to have recourse to *his pen*, which he very properly employed with the best *views to his pecuniary advantage*.

I have been informed by an Irish gentleman of high respectability, that scarcely a person in his part of Ireland

admits of being in the service of a

who was at all distinguished, but what came under the lash of his pen, and the ladies in particular were much indebted to him for the many *libellous flatulnades* he manufactured to sally the character of all the female rank and fashion of the country!

After passing some time in writing upon most of the floating subjects of the day, a contested election commenced, in which Lord Castlereagh became a candidate; who, finding a *useful* literary advocate in Mr. Croker, encouraged his exertions, and afterwards became his best friend; and to whom he

is now indebted for his present elevated station in life !

I believe, through the influence of this nobleman, he progressively advanced from one thing to another, till he got into Parliament, where he did not *distinguish* himself till the *investigation*.

My friend Alley-Crocker, thinking this was a fine opportunity to bring himself into notice by *crushing a woman*, I dare say said to himself, " By Jassus, here am I !—By my soul, you shall see what I'll do with that infamous woman Mrs.

Clarke!!!" accordingly he made solemn preparation for her *exposure* and *ruin*!

When he set at me, it must be in the recollection of every one who was in the House at the time, *that I turned him round my finger*; to the continued mirth but *pity* of the House. But when he insisted on hearing the NAME SIGNED to the *anonymous* letter, and the House observed my manner of treating his nonsense, it is impossible to describe *the ridiculous* situation in which he stood, surrounded as he then was by a *general laugh*, and which threw the House into such confusion, that it was

nearly half an hour before order could be restored.

He has a *brogue* which makes him scarcely intelligible to his countrymen, and, when he speaks in the House, renders his eloquence irresistibly powerful : —I do not mean, reader, over the understanding of his hearers, but over the risible faculties ; or, in plainer terms, he makes every body laugh at him !!!

Among the variety of little silly acts which marked this gentleman's political career, is his *peeping from a garret* in the nearest opposite house to

me, in order to watch my movements, and see who came to Westborne-Place, during the investigation.

For all these able endeavours in the service of the State, he now enjoys the place of Secretary to the Admiralty!!!

Recently this sagacious gentleman distinguished himself as Teller of the House on a division, and was *so kind* to the Ministers as to leave out a whole row of his own party!!!

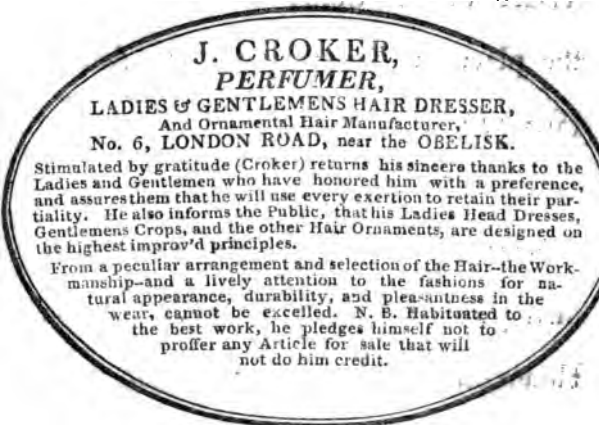
Though Mr. Croker did all he could

to

e-

to annoy and injure me, I will return  
*good for evil*, and recommend his poor  
 but industrious and deserving cousin,  
 as a very excellent BARBER !

BOARDING SCHOOLS ATTENDED.



Ash, Printer, Adams Place, Boro'. O2

Though several *personal* applications have been made to me to suppress this work, accompanied by *good offers*, the following is the only document I have received upon the subject. But as my *feelings* and *character* are so much *concerned* in the exposure of Colonel Wardle and his party, I have uniformly rejected ALL OVERTURES!

" *Barnard Castle, Jan. 13, 1810.*

" DEAR MADAM,

" On perusing one of the London newspapers, I saw a paragraph with your name affixed, signifying your intention to publish an appeal to the public, wherein you intended to insert several of Colonel Wardle's letters. Now, Madam, in consideration of the great respect I bear towards

the Colonel (for the great and important service he has rendered his country), if you will suppress your intended publication, I will present you with five hundred pounds. If, Madam, you assent to my proposal, please to signify the same by letter, and I will immediately come to town and pay the money.

" I am, dear Madam,

" With the greatest respect,

" Your most obedient and humble servant,

" T. PRUDAH.

" P. S. Please to direct for me at Barnard Castle, County of Durham.

" *Mrs. M. A. Clarke, King's Road, London.*"

As all the *circumstances attending* Colonel Wardle's motion in the Court of King's Bench for a new trial have ap-

peared before the public, and the opinions of the Judges also fresh in the memory of the intelligent reader, it precludes the necessity of my going over a question which rested upon the custom of the Court in similar cases.

If I were disposed to canvass all the *points of evidence* given at my trial for conspiracy, I should scarcely know where to close this work, from the *abundant contradictions* which it will manifest to the *attentive* reader; but, as such an illustration would in some measure *constitute a repetition* of that narrative already gone through, I should be mak-

ing an unjustifiable claim on public patience.

Impressed thus upon the subject, I shall now proceed to a few remarks upon the manner Mr. Alley, the prosecutor's counsel, conducted that cause, which his vanity led him to believe would almost *immortalize* him !

There is an old remark, that a " great thing is too much for a little mind ;" and I verily believe that Mr. Alley evinced the force of this observation in the management of that prosecution. All irritable and violent men are unfit

to take the lead in any great ~~stage~~, as its *importance* is apt to impress a consequence upon him to whom its care is assigned, and thus throw a hot-headed general off his guard. Mr. Alley had, no doubt, sufficient time to *study* and make the most of the speech he so laboriously composed for my destruction, from the evident *touches* of Old Bailey eloquence with which it so amply abounds.

I do not pretend to know any thing of his *family* or *breeding* in Ireland (though I expect his *history* every day from that country); but this I know, that an *Irish cobbler* would have remem-

bered that I was a *woman* and a *mother*, and not have designated me by such *epithets* as *graced the lips* of this gentleman from the *SESSIONS* ! where, most likely, he acquired the *ornaments* of speech and the *eloquence* of the English bar !

What opinion does the reader suppose twelve respectable men (most of whom, no doubt, were husbands and fathers) must have had of Colonel Wardle, who *could instruct* his counsel to colour me in such terms to them ; when a few months before, he, in conjunction with Mr. Whitbread, Lord Folkston, and many other respectable men, had de-

scribed me as an *injured woman* *patiently* *bearing my misfortunes*, and *supporting my children* in silent distress, till he had allured me into public notice? I ask, what any one must think of *that man's character* who could instruct his counsel to preface *his perjury* with such *ungentlemanly epithets*, and falsehoods, as Mr. Alley advanced to the Court on that day !

But to proceed. . Mr. Alley thought to astonish the Jury by throwing out insinuations *against* the government, the first of which was, I believe, with respect to the "*arch juggler*." Now, this

*political compound of unmeaning nothingness* by some accident suggested itself to the party months before, when Mr. Corfield was drawing the briefs to meet Wright's action, and on that trial the "arch juggler" was to have made its first appearance in the world; but, as it was *not founded* on even the *shadow of truth*, it remained at rest till the papers got into the hands of Mr. Ellis; and then, I suppose, he or his counsel thought, if used in Court, it would *astonish the Jury*, and *involve* the government in *public suspicion*, perhaps odium; he therefore *resuscitated this bugbear of the brain*

VOL. II. G

from its peaceful chambers for public animadversion!

The next *dirty* and *false* charge insinuated against the government was, that Major Dodd lost his situation for having gone before the Grand Jury to support Colonel Wardle's bill of indictment against me: but the fact is, that Major Dodd knew very well how *he lost his situation*, and how he acquired a very large fortune at Gibraltar. If, however, he should have *forgotten it*, I will just remind him, that there are such things as *NEUTRAL VESSELS*! The reader may perhaps recollect, that, after

Mr. Alley threw out this charge, the Attorney General sent to his chambers for the *papers* which were connected with the PROCEEDINGS NOW GOING ON against him for his conduct while at Gibraltar. So much, then, for all this *empty stuff* which was employed to *blacken* every thing that did not bear the feature of *republican furor* ! and so much for the honesty of the man, whom Mr. Alley portrays to the world in these *fine and high* SOUNDING words :

“ The next witness I shall present to you, gentlemen, will be Major Dodd, who I have told you will appear before you in a high, proud, and *manly state* ; he is an honourable and *manly man* ;

and, after the late instance of his noble mindedness and disinterestedness, he well deserves to have his name placed upon some pillar, on which should be inscribed, 'TO THE MEMORY OF AN HONEST MAN.' Though this gingerbread speech of Mr. Alley's was evidently the result of much study, it displays no traits of a great imagination, notwithstanding it is as full of ridiculous illustrations of the necessity of public virtue as it is full of falsehood ; unless, indeed, his nonsense with respect to Buonaparte's rise in the world be considered among the sublime ! who is about as virtuous a character as the Colonel, but WITH A VERY DIFFERENT HEAD !

A man who studied his subject as Mr. Alley *had done*, and without being obliged to follow the truth, ought, out of so *much fiction*, to have been able to have made a most brilliant reply, if he really possessed any *great gifts of ability*. But what was the case?—why, a most miserable *answer*, that shewed a want of those powers of mind necessary to eminence at *that bar*. His only excuse for *floundering* about, in his answer to the Attorney General, was one of which a counsel ought to be ashamed to acknowledge; namely, that he did not expect the examination of Mr. Stokes, or any other witness, on my side, and therefore he *had not taken*

*notes, but what signified notes upon a familiar case, on which he at first had nothing but fiction as his guide?* A good general is never off his guard, and taken by surprise! Neither Sir Vicary Gibbs nor Mr. Garrow would have made such an excuse, or have been *out-generalled* in a cause like that, before the Court!

But though he had only the examination of *one* witness to contend with, it was evidently too much for him, and sooner than he would *cut* a bad *cause* he was ready to *cut* an old and *serviceable* FRIEND, if the Jury had been as weak as he wished them, and found me guilty!

Mr. Stokes ought, however, to be *proud* that he may again *be allowed* to reap all the advantages to be derived from the society of such an *elegant* and *finished* orator !

Of the Jury who presided I have no personal knowledge, and have only to repeat what I before observed with respect to the former gentlemen who tried Mr. Wright's action, that, when they see this work, they will feel pleased with their *verdict* of that day, as complimentary to their good sense, discernment, and honor ! I know every artifice was used to *oppose* every person as a juror *who was not thought a Patriot*, and

accordingly a man by the name of LEMAITRE, (commonly called *hop-gun* Lemaitre) a watch-case maker, who was confined some years ago for SHOOTING AT THE KING, was Colonel Wardle's agent on that occasion. I only mention this *humble* individual, to shew the *description* of persons with whom the Colonel finds it political to IDENTIFY HIMSELF ! There are about fifteen of these kind of men, who assume *the appearance of business*, that are MAINTAINED PRIVATELY to further a CERTAIN CAUSE !

I regret exceedingly that Mr. Wright's witnesses were *not examined* on my pro-

secution for conspiracy, and the whole of the evidence not gone into, which I am sure would have given a very *different feature to the result of the trial*: but, out of delicacy to the Duke of Kent's *presence*, my Counsel were induced to *rest our case upon other grounds*:—I have also to express my *regret* and *disappointment* that the *roguery* of Colonel Wardle deprives me from *publishing* those *affidavits* and the *evidence*, of about FIFTEEN PERSONS, in consequence of his *now making every endeavour*, through his *proceedings in CHANCERY*, to keep Mr. Francis Wright out of his bill, the amount of which the public lately subscribed (under false impressions of

his character) to defray the expences he was *supposed* to incur in the great Public Cause ! The Colonel has employed that *very money* to other purposes, and is now *using every trick* to *deprive* a respectable and honest tradesman of a SUM of MONEY given to *him* by a Jury of his country.

This is, however, all of a piece with the general conduct of a *patriot* ; but it LOCKS up for THE PRESENT a very important part of my case, which must be *kept* in reserve to meet all *the legal* artifice that will, no doubt, be *used* to injure that very man who might have RUINED Colonel Wardle DURING THE INVESTIGATION

by a full and *profitable* exposure of his *bribery to me*, and who, according to the Colonel's request, made *such an entry* in his books as then *appeared most satisfactory* to his wishes, in order to conceal his pecuniary transaction with Mr. Wright, and secure *his honor* with the *House of Commons* and the *public*.

Further than it was necessary, I have not made Mr. Francis Wright's case the subject of *local* observation, as every line of this work which goes to the *justification of my conduct* also *justifies* his ; and either we are *both guilty* of imposing upon that *unguarded and innocent character* Colonel Wurdle, or we are

both spotless, which is with the *impartial* reader to *decide* upon, after perusing this work.

Mr. Wright has been a great sufferer in consequence of his *honor* to Colonel Wardle, which almost every man would *have sacrificed* in the *heat* of the investigation for USEFUL PATRONAGE. If such a secret had been with Sir Richard Phillips, he would have SOLD IT ten times over, and afterwards have *laughed* at the Colonel's folly for having reposed a *marketable article* with him ! But with Mr. Wright the thing was different ; and he has been almost ruined in *peace* of *mind* and *public opinion*

from having been truly *honorable* to an *ill-principled impostor*, who would sacrifice his parent for a little POPULARITY!!!

I do flatter myself that this work will restore Mr. Wright very deservedly to public favor, whose *honest friendship and misapplied fidelity* have for a time suffered all that *party malice and perjury* could do for his destruction ! But as circumstances have turned out, he may console himself with this proud reflection, that, though Colonel Wardle is a *patriot*, he has the pre-eminence of being an HONEST MAN !

In winding up my account with the immaculate Colonel Wardle, I must be allowed to remind him of his not having *verified any* of his promises to the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. It is within the recollection of every one that he was to convict me of *perjury* or CONSPIRACY, neither of which has taken place. In fact, there was not a *phrase sufficiently* strong with which he could designate *my conduct*, and Awaiting *ruin*, that he did not call into the service of *his cause*; AND SUCH a cause which has in the end shewn the Colonel not to be a PATRIOT, but a VILLAIN !!!

FINIS.

---

James Compton, Printer, Minster Street,  
Cloth Fair, London.





Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 014 908 524

DATE DUE

DATE DUE			

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES  
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004

